

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—MR. SIMS REEVES at THIS DAY'S CONCERT.—Beethoven's LIEBES KREIS (a Series of Six Songs), and Scenes from "Prodigal Son" (Sullivan).—Stalls, 2s. 6d., now ready at the Palace, and 2, Exeter Hall.

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The next PUBLIC REHEARSAL, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates will take place at the Institution, on TUESDAY Morning, November 2nd, commencing at Two o'clock.

The Half Term will commence on Monday, March 13th. Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution, on Thursday, March 3rd, at Eleven o'clock.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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Ladies who may wish to attend this Course of Lectures are requested to apply for tickets by letter to the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, Treasurer, South Kensington Museum. Tickets can also be obtained at the Catalogue Sale Stall at the Museum, or will be forwarded on receipt of Post Office Order made payable to the Treasurer, at the Post Office, 8, Fulham Road, Brompton, S.W.

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AT THE NEXT MONTHLY TERM MEETING,
THURSDAY, November 3, Two Papers will be read and Vocal and Instrumental Music performed. Subscription to the College, 5s. per annum. Students' Classes now formed; terms on application. Popular Harmony Class on Saturday, 29th October (and succeeding Saturdays), at half-past 5. Fee to Subscribers, 10s. 6d. per term. Circular detailing the objects of the College obtainable of the Secretary.

BRISAC'S brilliant "Valse de Bravoure," will be played by Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN, in her Concert at Chatham, November 15th, and in her Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at Lewes, November 17th. Programmes of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. LEONARD WALKER will sing FIOVIRANTI'S "SINGING LESSON," with Mme. MARIE STOCKEN; the Trio, "TROBADOURE," with Mme. STOCKEN and Miss MARION; "LARGO AL FACOTUM," "MIEI RAMPOLLI," and "THE VALLANT KNIGHT," at his Concert, on the 31st, at the Deptford Institute.

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MONDAY NEXT, October 31, will be performed MOZART'S Opera, "IL FLAUTO MAGICO." Tambo, Signor Bettini; Papageno, Signor Cotogni; Sarastro, Signor Antonucci; Il Sacerdote, Signor Clappa; Monastato, Signor Tagliacolo; Due Uomini Armati, Signor Rinaldini and Signor Fallar; Due Oratori, Mr. W. Morgan and Signor Casaboni; Astridammante, Mdle. Ilma di Muraka; Papagena, Mdle. Sinico; I tre Geni, Mdle. Bauermeister, Mdle. Schofield, and Mdle. Scelchi; Le tre Damigelle della Regina, Mdle. Cruise, Mdle. Madigan, and Mdle. Trebelli-Bettini; and Paulina, Mdle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor BAVIGNANI. In the course of the evening the National Anthem.

TUESDAY NEXT, November 1, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCREZIA BORGIA." Gennaro, Signor Fancelli (his first appearance these two years); Duca Alfonso, Signor Cotogni; Astolfo, Signor Caravoglia; Gubetta, Signor Tagliacolo; Rustighello, Signor Rinaldini; Liverotto, Mr. W. Morgan; Vitellozzo, Signor Fallar; Petrucci, Signor Balesca; Gazella, Signor Casaboni; Maffeo Orsini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

THURSDAY NEXT, November 3, "IL TROVATORE." Tietjens, Scelchi, Vizzani, Cotogni.

Production of "OBERON."—**SATURDAY, November 5th,** WEBER'S Opera, "OBERON." Tietjens, Trebelli-Bettini, Scelchi, Bauermeister, Fancelli, Bettini, Tagliacolo, Caravoglia, Cotogni.

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WEEKS & Co., 14, Hanover Street, W.

MISS MARION (Pupil of Mr. Leonard Walker) will make her first appearance in public and sing "THE WEAVER" (KATE L. WARD) at his Benefit Concert, on the 31st, at the Deptford Lecture Hall.

DR. and Mrs. LLOYD, and Mr. A. LLOYD (Pupils of Mr. Leonard Walker) will sing the Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" (RAMDUGGS), at his Benefit Concert, at Deptford, on the 31st.

MR. A. LLOYD will sing the "KNIGHT'S VIGIL" (W. H. WEISS) at Mr. Leonard Walker's Benefit Concert, October 31st.

"WE ARE SEVEN:" An Inquiry into the Power of Expression inherent in each note of the Diatonic Scale. By A. DAWSON. Price 4s. nett. AVERKER, 88, Newgate Street.

"THE ROSE MAIDEN." MR. FREDERIC H. COWEN'S Cantata will be given at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, on Wednesday Evening, November 23rd. Artists—Mdle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Herr Stockhausen, and Mr. Nordblom.

THE TONIC SOL-FA REPORTER, and Magazine of

Vocal Music for the People. Edited by JOHN CURWEN. The number for November 1st contains:—

MEMOIR OF M. W. BALFE. Mr. Macfarren's estimate of his musicianship. MUSIC READING IN AMERICA. The National Musical Congress at New York. THE TEACHING OF TIME, by John Curwen. A Tonic Sol-fa Time Chart and a Table of *Langues des Durées* of M. Paris.

CORRESPONDENCE. The Education Crisis.

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*. The Reporter is published fortnightly, on the 1st and 15th of the month, and consists of 16 pages of letterpress with 8 of music. The subscription, post-free, for one year, is 3s.

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LECTURE HALL, DEPTFORD.

ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 31st, 1870, will be given a GRAND EVENING CONCERT AND AMATEUR DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT, by Members of the LELA CLUB, for the Benefit of Mr. LEONARD WALKER. Artists—Madame Marie Stocken (Soprano), of St. James's Hall, &c.; Miss Marion (Contralto), Pupil of Mr. Leonard Walker, and her first appearance in public; Mr. Leonard Walker (Basso), of the Hanover Square Rooms, St. James's Hall, Drury Lane Theatre, &c.; Mr. H. V. Lewis, R.A.M.; Mr. Owen (Baritone); Mr. Gordon Hall (Tenor). Amateurs—Rev. R. A. Carden, D.D.; Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. A. Lloyd, L.D.S., F.C.S. (pupils of Mr. Leonard Walker); Mr. W. G. Clements; Mr. C. Talbot; The Lela Dramatic Club, and the Fitzroy Brass Band. Full particulars will be duly announced. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 2s.; Unreserved, 1s.; Back, 6d. Tickets may be obtained of Mr. W. G. Clements, 32, Victoria Road, Deptford; of Mr. Dandridge, printer, 50, High Street; and at the Lecture Hall, Deptford.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, 27th inst., a new Baritone Scene, "THE WATCH-FIRE," written by himself and composed expressly for him by J. L. Hatton. Mr. H. Vinning returns to town November 7th. Address, 18, Malcolm Road, Penze, S.E.

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SOMETHING "MORE ABOUT MOZART'S REQUIEM."*

(Continued from page 635.)

The question of the genuineness or unguineness of Mozart's *Requiem* has never been discussed without giving rise to active researches *pro et contra*. It seems as though the fact of anyone's busying himself with it, though it is continually growing clearer and clearer, exercised a mysterious attraction over his mind. We feel almost convinced that were a musical plebiscite to be demanded in the matter, the majority would still do homage to the genuineness of the work, though it must now be an undoubted fact that the latter is to be regarded as emanating only in part from the great master. The question itself is, as we have said, a very old one, and one that has been at all times very excitedly discussed, and it was only the deep interest still inspired by the investigation of it, that induced us to state publicly, with as much clearness and impartiality as possible, and to defend, the views which we believed the correct ones. Meanwhile, an almost diametrically opposite opinion was advanced afresh in another paper, and we readily present it to our readers, that they may see the other side of the controversy treated somewhat more at length.

The author of the article to which we refer speaks as follows:—

"In the first place I appeal to the testimony of Oulibischeff, Mozart's biographer, who spared no time or trouble to erect a biographical monument to the great master that should be worthy of him, and who, probably, succeeded, in every respect, better than anyone else would have done. Oulibischeff had the advantage, when investigating the matter, of seeing and speaking with many of Mozart's contemporaries, and thus he was directly acquainted with the arguments employed both by the Abbé Stadler, Mozart's most intimate friend, and Gottfried Weber, the editor of the *Cécilia*. We know that Mozart was reminded of his obligation to finish the *Requiem*, and that the person so reminding him was a certain Leutgeb, the steward of Count Waldsee (and not Waldsegg), just as he was stepping into the coach that was to convey him to Prague, where he was to compose and produce *Titus*. It is equally well known that he completed this opera within eighteen days, though, it is true, he had Süßmayer to assist him in the technical portion; for instance, he made the latter write down a great deal that he, Mozart, had composed in his head. The last fact has a very important bearing upon the original question. On his return to Vienna, about the end of June, 1791, Mozart immediately set about completing *Die Zauberflöte*, the first performance of which took place on the 30th September of the same year. The dates are here very important. From this time there was nothing to hinder Mozart from devoting all his energies to the completion of the *Requiem* which had been ordered of him, and that he did so is proved by the rapid progress of the illness which threw him, in the middle of November, on his death-bed. Over-exertion alone was the reason of his succumbing so rapidly. When we recollect that he could finish a grand opera like *Titus* in eighteen days, working at it, too, in a travelling carriage, it is very difficult to believe that in nearly two months he should have completed only the smallest portion of the *Requiem*, especially if we take into consideration the remarkable facility with which he used to compose (there is not, for instance, one corrected passage in all his manuscripts). I will adduce, moreover, a cardinal point in favour of the genuineness of the *Requiem*. It is a well-known fact that, a few days before Mozart's death, Count Waldsee, in consequence of his just demand, received a complete score of the work, and that the latter was performed, in the course of December, 1791, at the Count's house, in honour of his deceased wife (for whom it was ordered). This circumstance is proved by a witness worthy of all belief, who held a situation at the time in Count Waldsee's house, and related the circumstance (in the year 1827) to Gottfried Weber. This witness, on whom more reliance may be placed than on any other, was a *Landesadvokat* at Pesth, and his name was Krüchten. He was present when the work was rehearsed in the middle of December, 1791 (as is evident from one letter), in Wienners Neustadt, at the house of the Count's family physician, Herr Obermayer, whose family took part in the performance; there were, likewise, present a certain Herr Tropp, director of a band, with the members of the same. All these eye and ear witnesses were still living when the well-known dispute arose, in consequence of what was said by G. Weber. The latter was, by the way, the first to advance the assertion that all the *Requiem* was a forgery.

How the Abbé Stadler, in his pamphlet, put him right is very well known. Süßmayer's letter of the 8th September, 1801, to Breitkopf & Härtel of Leipzig, is far from possessing the importance it otherwise would have possessed, because we now know that the different parties to this bit of business (for business it was), namely, Mozart's Widow, Süßmayer, and also André in Offenbach, were influenced

respectively by the lowest greed for money or by ambition, and this is why they caused such an unhappy misunderstanding concerning what is indisputably Mozart's most important work. Süßmayer's letter is full of contradictions and untruths. He asserts, for instance, in it, that, after Mozart's death, his Widow first applied to various composers to finish the uncompleted *Requiem*, and did not avail herself of his (Süßmayer's) assistance till afterwards. This is so manifestly an untruth that any one can perceive it, if he has followed biographically the last days of Mozart. Of the very last day we possess a faithful account, which I here give:—"There were present Schack (an intimate friend of Mozart's, and a celebrated tenor singer of that day, for whom Mozart wrote the part of Tamino), the writer of the present account, Herr Hofer, Mozart's brother-in-law, and a certain Görl. Mozart had the manuscript of the *Requiem* brought to him in his bed, to try with the friends around him the numbers which were completed. He himself sang alto; Schack, the soprano; Hofer, the tenor, and Görl, the bass. They had got as far as the first part of the 'Lacrymosa,' when Mozart began crying, and dropped the music." Now, if the "Lacrymosa" was tried on this day (4th December, 1791), and, moreover, with all the parts (for it is not to be supposed that they would have tried a mere commencement of seven bars), the logical consequence is that it cannot have emanated from Süßmayer. I must here return to the latter's letter. At the conclusion of it, he says: "For the 'Requiem,' together with the 'Kyrie,' 'Dies iræ,' 'Domine Jesus Christe,' Mozart finished the four vocal parts, together with the fundamental bass and the figuration; but for the instrumentation he merely now and then intimated the motive. In the 'Dies iræ' his last verse was: 'Que resurgat ex favilla' (the second verse of the 'Lacrymosa'), and what he did was the same as in the early pieces. From the verse: 'Judicandus homo reus est,' the 'Dies iræ,' the 'Sanctus,' 'Benedictus,' and Agnus Dei,' were entirely re-written by me; I merely allowed myself the licence, in order to impart greater unity to the work, of repeating the fugue of the 'Kyrie,' at the verse, 'Cum sanctis.'" This is a verbatim copy of the letter which I have before me. Now, there is another point which deserves consideration. How could the *Requiem*, up to the 'Lacrymosa' inclusive, be tried a day before Mozart's death, if Süßmayer, as he says, did not complete it for some considerable time afterwards? And how could it, furthermore, be tried at Count Waldsee's only ten or twelve days after Mozart's death (a fact proved elsewhere) if Süßmayer had still had to compose the greater part of it?—I could adduce still more proofs that the *Requiem* was, in a certain sense, finished by Mozart, but such a course would require more time and space than I can now afford. There are, however, some few particular facts which I cannot refrain from mentioning. That Süßmayer had something or other to do with the work is, perhaps, beyond a doubt, but what he did was merely something almost insignificant, as the first nine numbers were already entirely completed by Mozart, as is proved by the Abbé Stadler, who had himself made a true copy of Mozart's original manuscript, in which, even in the three final numbers, there were the vocal parts, with figured bass. Every musician knows how little, comparatively speaking, remained to be done in such a case. However, as Oulibischeff, and other critics admit, Süßmayer does not appear to have found much beyond the first theme of the "Sanctus."

The first eight bars of this are a grandiose commencement (and were, no doubt, Mozart's), but the number then becomes decidedly weaker, and the fugue, for which the theme was already given, is very defectively carried out. In the "Hosanna," Süßmayer repeats the figure in D, and transposes it without the change of a note, to B flat, while, finally, quite at the end, he recommences at the verse "Cum Sanctis," the "Kyrie," (as he says in his letter, "in order to impart greater unity to the work"). This is about the whole of Süßmayer's share, and, in my humble opinion, is really too little to justify anyone asserting, in what may be mildly termed, a somewhat superficial manner, that Mozart's *Requiem* is a forgery without parallel.—The reader may, perhaps, feel interested in knowing that Oulibischeff, also, saw Mozart's original manuscript after it had been collected again, with the exception of No. 1, "Requiem," and "Kyrie." This was the manuscript shown at Stadler's, in consequence of the dispute with G. Weber, examined, and unconditionally declared genuine by a committee, when such men as Beethoven, Carl and Joseph Czerny, and Mozart's youngest son, as well as other important celebrities of the time, acted as judges. Nor must we forget that the Abbé Stadler possessed a copy written by himself, and consequently had ample opportunities of comparing it with Mozart's original manuscript, for it was written immediately after Mozart's death, and the veracity of a man like Stadler is certainly beyond a doubt.

Such is the article in question. We do not think that the reasons adduced in it affect very materially the result to which—relying upon the most comprehensive, and, as yet, irrefuted researches—we arrived in the matter. But, while leaving every one free to draw from the

* From the Berlin *Echo*; see *Musical World*, Nos. 40, 41, 42.

materials presented to him his own opinion, we will touch very briefly upon the most important points advanced.

1. Among Mozart's biographers Oulibischeff is not that biographer who holds the first position for copiousness and accuracy of historical research. This position belongs rather to Otto Jahn; it is the latter's account we have followed, sometimes word for word. The views, too, we have advanced are, in nearly all essential particulars, those of Jahn—too soon, alas, taken from us—who enjoyed the most abundant means of investigation, and to whose eminent genius for criticism a general tribute of admiration is justly paid.

2. The name of the Count who ordered of Mozart a Mass for the Dead is given as "Wallsegg" in all the old authorities, and in those modern ones on whom reliance can be placed. Lyser alone gave it as "Waldsee," describing minutely the Count's country seat on the Danube, between Linz and Vienna. It is evident that Jahn places but small confidence in Lyser's assertions, for, to the quotation from the *Mozart Album*, published by Lyser, he adds the remark: "Thus do people think they write history."

3. Had Mozart been in the full enjoyment of health when he began the composition of the *Requiem*, he would, it is true, have soon finished his task. But, when we recollect that he was ailing, nay, suffering from a fatal illness, and, also, overwhelmed with other work, we shall not be astonished that, when surprised by death two months afterwards, he had completed only a part of his task.

4. It is very possible that separate numbers of the *Requiem* may have been performed in private circles at Vienna even by the middle of December, 1791, scarcely a fortnight after Mozart's death. These were, naturally, the numbers left finished by Mozart. The performance of the entire work at Count Wallsegg's did not, according to the statements most worthy of belief, take place before the end of January or the beginning of February, 1792. The score was not delivered to the Count, as Mozart's widow remembered perfectly, till towards the end of December.

5. The Krüchten mentioned in the article is exceedingly confused in his dates, and, for very evident reasons, altogether unworthy of credit. Speaking of the performance of the *Requiem* at Count Wallsegg's, he says: "This performance did not take place after Mozart's death (he died in 1792), but in the latter part of the autumn of 1791, in the beginning of which year the Countess, if I am not mistaken, died." Now, Countess Wallsegg died in January, 1791, and Mozart, as we know, on the 6th December of the same year. Such a confusion of dates as occurs in this account naturally deprives the writer of anything like a claim to credibility.

6. The statement that, on the very day of Mozart's death, some numbers of the *Requiem* were sung by several of his friends at his bedside, and that the sick man himself took part in the performance, may be founded on truth. The singers got as far as the beginning of the "Lacrymosa," as far as it was written, when the fact of Mozart's having a convulsive fit of crying, stopped the performance. The whole scene appears, however, for the sake of dramatic effect, to have been subsequently touched up a little, and how far they really got with their singing is a fact which, in the excitement of the moment, the performers did not, probably, observe very precisely.

7. An important point, which, however, the said article passes over in silence, is the statement finally made by Mozart's widow, that the *Requiem* was left in an unfinished state, and that Süßmayer's assertions, as to his finishing it, were based on truth. This statement was made at a time and under circumstances which precluded the notion of any fresh deception. In the last years of her life, the widow had, most certainly, no longer any motives for keeping the truth on this point from the world; on the contrary, she must have wished to correct her former erroneous statements. As regards the difficulty of Süßmayer's not being able to supply compositions which were undistinguishable from Mozart's, we are lifted over it by the assumption, undoubtedly very allowable, that Süßmayer had in his possession numerous sketches of Mozart's, or that he had heard the master play several of his ideas, which, thanks to his excellent memory, he subsequently reproduced, perhaps having even jotted them down on paper directly he heard them. With regard to the instrumentation and the more technical part of his task, Süßmayer was perfectly capable of carrying them out, thanks to his very considerable musical talent, and his intimate connection, during many years, with Mozart, who himself frequently employed him on such work.

PRAGUE.—Signor Verdi's *Don Carlos* was lately produced, but, though the management had done all they could to render it a great success, it did not create a very favourable impression.

SALZBURG.—The well-known composer, Herr Carl Santner, is now director of music at the very old Benedictine Church of St. Peter, where once Michael Haydn, Herr Roman, and other well-known musicians performed the same duties.

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

Mr. Dion Boucicault has addressed the following letter to the *Daily Telegraph* :—

SIR,—Eight years ago I invited public attention to the want of proper accommodation and comfort in the London theatres, pointing out the superior attractions afforded by the music halls in these particulars. After a brisk agitation, carried on for two years, we arrived at a very satisfactory result. Seven new and commodious theatres were built in the West-end. The first effect of this extension was to enhance the value of theatrical service. Actors now obtain much larger salaries, and dramatic authors have been benefited in a still greater degree. It was expected that the high rentals of the old houses would have suffered in the face of this competition. Such has not been the case. The rents of the Haymarket, Lyceum, Adelphi, and Princess's are precisely the same as they were before the Queen's the Gaiety, the Holborn, the Globe, and the Vandeville were thought of. The final step in the revolution I contemplated remains, however, to be accomplished. We must reduce the prices of admission. Seven shillings to the stalls, five shillings to the boxes, two and even three guineas for a private box, form a prohibitory tariff. What is the consequence? One-half, if not two-thirds, of the nightly occupants of these high-priced places are 'deadheads'—that is, persons admitted by free admissions to garnish empty seats. Such is invariably the case except when some very great attraction brings out a reluctant public; and even then it is rare that we can fill the private boxes, many of which are given away. This is a pestilent system that nothing but a reduction of prices will abolish. It does not exist in America, where dramatic entertainments so flourish that our best comedians are leaving England to reap the golden harvest awaiting actors of every degree in that country. Artists who are in receipt of four pounds a week here find engagements at fifteen and twenty pounds a week there. The rents of the New York theatres vary from four thousand to ten thousand pounds a year. Managers are prosperous, and are for the most part men of substance. The price of admission throughout the United States has always been two shillings and one shilling. During the civil war, when the paper currency depreciated the value of the circulating medium, when the price of all commodities was raised, some of the theatres raised their prices to three shillings; but, there is no doubt, when the country returns to a metallic currency, they will resume the former tariff. Two shillings to the lower parts of the house, one shilling to the gallery! The price is so low that very few people seek 'orders for the play.' Multitudes who would have been deterred from the enjoyment of theatrical entertainments by our high prices never think of the cost; so it is not uncommon to see half-a-dozen persons around the pay-place of a theatre contesting which of them shall 'pay for the lot.' I do not think any six gentlemen going to the stalls of a London theatre would enter into a lively contest as to who was to be the favoured individual who shall pay two guineas for the whole party. Our system is all wrong.

Permit me to explain the reform I venture to suggest. One of the most elegant and most respectable of the New York theatres is Niblo's. I speak of it as I knew it, and I believe it has preserved its character. No theatre in London or Paris could compare with it in comfort and splendour. The auditorium was disposed thus: the pit and a large circle around it were seated with roomy sofas, or stuffed benches with cushioned backs; the first circle was similarly furnished. All these places were priced two shillings. Above this tier was a large and equally well-appointed amphitheatre at one shilling. The entertainment was as perfect as anything I have witnessed in the best theatres in London, and the audience were as select as the most fastidious person could desire; for it is not the price of admission, but the character of the entertainment, that regulates the quality of the public. Neither ladies nor gentlemen appeared in full dress, for the Americans, like the French, regard the theatre, not as an occasional and expensive luxury, but as a necessary and daily intellectual food, just as they regard their newspaper. We can arrive at a correct notion of the patronage they bestow on dramatic entertainments by an extract from the 'tax returns' made by the New York theatres to the American Government. Niblo's, during an entire season, returned its gross receipts at over 40,000 dollars a-month—that is, over £2,000 per week. A reference to these monthly accounts of the New York theatres rendered to the American Government will show that this gross income is by no means rare, and has been considerably exceeded both by Niblo's and by Booth's. In what fashion pieces are put on the stage may be estimated by the cost of the production of the *Black Crook*, at Niblo's, which Mr. Palmer, one of the managers, assured me had cost £15,000. Mr. Edwin Booth, the manager of the other theatre alluded to, returned his professional income to the Tax Commissioners at £16,000 a-year. And all this out of two shillings and one shilling! Will any reasonable person contend that this prosperity is not owing to their low prices? They produce our pieces, they employ our actors; the entertainment is the same. Is it not sufficiently evident that London managers are foolishly adhering to an effete and obstructive system?

Let a magnificent theatre be built and conducted on the American plan, and it will prove a triumphant success—it will revolutionize theatrical affairs. I write out of my strong convictions, and in the interest of all concerned, but most earnestly in that of the cause to which I have devoted my life's work—the intellectual amusement of the people.—Yours obediently,

326, Regent Street.

DION BOUCICAULT.

ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

No. 7.—MR. SOTHERN.

One of the most effective agents in comedy is a portrayal of human inconsistencies which delights the spectator by flattering his superiority in the exhibition of the discrepancies and follies set before him. To the influence of this we may attribute the almost unparalleled popularity of Lord Dundreary as impersonated by Mr. Sothern. Lord Dundreary is the culmination of the inconsistent and incongruous. Of the many irrationalities which go to the making of his character, the most potent is, perhaps, the expenditure of the utmost possible earnestness upon objects which are ludicrously trivial. To the consummation of his sneeze Lord Dundreary devotes as much forethought and method as a merchant would bring to an important transaction upon the exchange, or a soldier to a master-stroke of strategy. His retardation of this sneeze, until the felicitous moment for its full enjoyment has arrived, his diplomatic efforts to escape interference or intrusion at the critical moment, his almost tragic anger at untoward interruptions, and his exultation when time, place, and general circumstance concur, and the coveted gratification is obtained, are infinitely diverting from the contrast between the magnitude of the apparatus employed and the extreme smallness of the result obtained. In countless other examples Lord Dundreary's incongruity manifests itself. Persuaded of his own powers of fascination, he seeks to provoke love, though he has no more lucid comment to make when his efforts are successful and a lady responds to his advances, than to inform her that the weather is foggy. He has a passion almost Baconian for induction in his desire to connect cause and effect, but the faculties by which to carry out his intellectual processes are so wanting that he is always landed in conclusions which are either glaringly obvious or absurdly inconsequential. His puzzle with regard to the number of mothers and nurses belonging to himself and Sam, and the inversion of relationship to which it leads, and his notion that Sam, who is two years his junior, will in the course of three years, be one year his senior, may be taken as examples of his mania for observing and reasoning upon the smallest points, and of the utter bewilderment into which he falls by the incapacity of his mind to realize its own desires. When problems so unimportant are pursued with so much elaboration and trouble, simply to arrive at incoherent expositions, and when the labour of establishing them is enhanced by the difficulties of speech with which Lord Dundreary struggles, the result is a marvellous picture of mental obfuscation, and of the strange contrast which arises when the tendencies and desires of the mind are at utter variance with its powers. The enjoyment arising from such contrast is greatly enhanced by the obvious self-complacency of the speaker, whose follies divert the audience in the precise degree in which he himself is unconscious of them.

Let it be said that while some of Lord Dundreary's peculiarities are little removed from those of an imbecile, Mr. Sothern deserves the highest praise for the art and completeness with which they are rendered. His hero is fundamentally a fool, but the phases of his folly are worked out with the exactness of a logician. The respects in which Lord Dundreary rises above his ordinary level are those which are connected with his own interests. When any purely personal interest is at stake Lord Dundreary not only ceases to be altogether a fool, but displays an amount of what may almost be called shrewdness. He has distinctly the power and the inclination to say no. Nothing in the world except himself greatly interests him. Questions which on no one side come into contact with his personal requirements or desires he regards with absolute indifference. He would allow the operations of the universe to be suspended so as to afford him leisure for his sneeze, but the general good of the entire community would not induce him to think of changing for a second the least of his plans. His influence he is unwilling to employ, even at the strong solicitation of those who have claims upon him. He does not need it, and so far as he remembers has never needed it, but he *might* need it. Here is a reason for refusing it. When at last promised, it is to one who has a power of causing annoyance he is quite ready to exercise. Amidst all his absurdities, too, Lord Dundreary preserves something of the air of a man of the world. He knows the value of his social position, and his manner is that of one accustomed to obtain respect, and not wholly unprepared for subservience. He is serenely unconscious of the possibility of anything he says affording cause for mirth, or being received indeed with anything but attention and consideration. It is because this characteristic is so strongly developed that we object to what we consider the only blemish in Mr. Sothern's performance—the manner in which the nobleman is represented as tumbling from one lady's lap into another. These tricks cause a laugh, it is true, but they mar the artistic completeness of the representation. That Lord Dundreary might, owing to shortsightedness, sit upon a seat already occupied, is conceivable enough. That he should, however, not know how to conduct himself when he had done so, and should run about from one seat to another, is not to be believed.

The representation of Brother Sam exemplifies a curious point in art. The family likeness is preserved, but the expression is different, and is presented, through a subdued medium. On the strength of these two characters, and especially of Lord Dundreary, Mr. Sothern has attained a popularity as a comic actor, almost unequalled on the modern English stage. That he has gained equal reputation in no other part detracts but little from his merit, since it is a point dependent rather upon the caprice of the public than the genuine

abilities of the actor. Many of his comic impersonations—notably his Sir Hugh de Bras—are full of talent, and have obtained an unanimous verdict of approval. In parts, however, in which comedy deepens into earnestness and pathos he has exhibited marked ability. We have heard of Mr. Sothern essaying in the country Claude Melnotte and other heroes of the poetic and sentimental drama. Judging by what we have seen of his performances, we should deem such an experiment rash, and should not expect from it any addition to his reputation. His special gift lies in another direction. Few actors on the stage have been more successful than he in exhibiting deep feeling underlying the coldness of exterior forced upon men by the dictates of modern society. He has given some absolutely striking pictures of emotion breaking momentarily through the outward impassibility of modern behaviour, and has shown distinctly and with marked skill the pulsations of that heart which beats behind the dress-coat of these days as it beat behind the hauberk or the toga. Not unfrequently Mr. Sothern's impersonations of this kind are marred by a certain over-timidity. Mistrusting it would appear his own power of pathos, or knowing at least that it has always been most successful when it has been linked with the utmost possible display of the *sang froid* of modern society, Mr. Sothern has determined apparently never to transgress or violate the moderation enforced in that world whose representative he is. His emotion may be undertoned, but the representation shall at least be free from extravagance. A result of this system is a measure of tameness and self-consciousness which seriously impedes the exhibition of the powers in pathos we believe him to possess. With these drawbacks, however, his acting is still admirable. It is a curious point in it that the manifestations of deep feeling are usually so slight that it is scarcely possible to indicate them or to give an idea of their effect. Those, however, who have seen in *The Favourite of Fortune* the display of agitation in the scenes of love-making, know how subtly outside action interpreted innermost thought. His manner of playing with a paper-knife and cutting open recklessly the pages of a book which he afterwards flung from him impatiently, showed better than the quiver of the voice, or other more familiar signs, how keen was the struggle he underwent. In an earlier scene of the same play there was something absolutely startling in the revelations contained in the utterance of the two words of formal farewell addressed to his mistress—"Good morning."

Next to Lord Dundreary, David Garrick is probably the most popular of Mr. Sothern's impersonations. The most powerful scene in it, that in which the actor remonstrates and pleads with the romantic girl he has undertaken to cure, was in the end finally played by Mr. Sothern. A hardness and dryness of delivery at first apparent were ultimately conquered, and the scene became very affecting. The merits of the scene of simulated drunkenness have often been insisted on. These were great, but their value, as is ordinarily the case in representations of drunkenness, have been over-estimated. The familiar features of Mr. Sothern's acting have been exhibited in most pieces in which he has appeared—in *A Lesson for Life*, *A Wild Goose*, *A Wife Well Won*, *A Hero of Romance* and in *Home*. In the piece last named the manner in which as the hero, Mr. Sothern rebuked Captain Mountraffe, the impostor, who has forced his way into his father's house, illustrated admirably suppressed emotion. The tones of his voice, low and equal, were fraught with menace far deeper and more serious than loud utterance could convey. From what we have said it will be apparent that Mr. Sothern possesses many of the highest qualities of the legitimate actor. The overweening popularity of his Lord Dundreary stands, however, in the way of their recognition. An English public persists not very generously in mistrusting the ability of its favourites to shine in any other line than that in which their reputation was first acquired. It would have condemned Hood to go down to posterity as a punster and could scarcely be induced to accept his serious compositions as of solid worth. In a similar fashion it deals with Mr. Sothern, who finds himself in this predicament—to triumph in the very highest kind of art he must obliterate his greatest success. This is a hard trial for any man, and even were Mr. Sothern disposed to forget Lord Dundreary the question would remain—Would the public let him? K.

PRESENTATION TO MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY.

On Tuesday evening last a deputation from the Alto Chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society waited on Madame Sainton-Dolby at her residence, to present the following address, written on vellum, illuminated and framed:—

"Presented to Madame Sainton-Dolby by the Alto Chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in testimony of their admiration of her talents as an artist, their estimation of the virtues which distinguish her private life, and the regret which they feel at her retirement from the public exercise of a profession she has so greatly adorned during the many years of her connection with this Society."

The deputation consisted of Miss Armstrong, Miss Libbie Cons, Mr. Husk, and Mr. F. W. Willocks. Mr. Husk presented the testimonial, with an appropriate speech, which was feelingly responded to by Madame Sainton-Dolby.

PESTH.—Herr Hans von Bulow is engaged, at the National Hungarian Theatre, as first *Capellmeister*, and Herr Remenyi as leader.

MUSIC A MEANS OF CULTURE.

By J. S. DWIGHT.

(Continued from page 657.)

Our point is simply: The great music has been so much followed and admired here, not by reason of any great musical knowledge in said followers, not because we have any technical musicianship or proper musicality, but purely because the music was *great*, deep, true, making itself felt as such; we love the music for the great life that is in it. Let the emphasis fall on the word *great*—*great* music,—if you still find it hard to credit our capacity of pleasure in mere music pure and simple.

From such beginnings, by degrees, and for a long time through the medium of very poor means of performance,—which only confirms our theory, that it was some inkling of the divine ideas, the life within the symphony, that first caught the imagination of listeners not very musical, it might be,—there grew up here a pretty deep and general love of noble music; until, at length, for better or for worse (we think for better), music occupies this people's time and though quite largely, yet not so largely as it will and must do. What may be called a "musical movement" is making headway. Much froth about it, no doubt, there is; much vainglory, *splurge*, and sounding advertisement; too much passion for excitement, for the extraordinary, for "big things." Our great choral societies, for example, may shrink from the real great work, from the sincere, quiet, outwardly unrewarding tasks, which built up the artistic character, which are the true tests of sufficiency in art, in favour of the easier enterprise that carries with it more *clat* and advertisement. They may postpone solid everyday excellence to exhibition splendours, festivals, and jubilees on some unprecedented scale. But all this implies a genuine heart-life in music somewhere. Where there is smoke there must be fire. Funs and feathers make the greater show and catch the vulgar; but it is because heroes have been and will be again when God and a great crisis call. Do not charge all the egotism and vanity of musical artists, their catering to low tastes by cheap display, their grandiloquent announcements, their jealousies of one another, to music, or even wholly to themselves. It is the speculating, sordid, money-getting fever of the whole world around them that does the mischief, sets the singers at loggerheads, lowers the standard of composers and performers, and tempts the artist soul to sell it a birthright and become a travelling thaumaturgic virtuoso. Music would make all this better, could she become ten times the public mistress that she is.

So much by way of introduction to the real purpose of this paper, which is to show the worth of music to this people as a means of culture.

But for the present we confine ourselves to culture in a general sense, too well foreseeing that it will require a special paper to exhibit music as a type of law, a revelation in its way of the divine organic movement through all spheres of matter and of mind, hence as a means of *Intellectual Culture*; and still another, to deduce from this the right of music to be regarded as a *Universal Language*, and therefore as the native language, pure and perfect, of what in man is universal and most human, *The Religious Sentiment*.

Music must become a great part of our common, we may say our atmospheric education. It has already gone too far for us to doubt it. Let its importance but begin to be appreciated, and the next Peabody will feel his way to general gratitude by liberal endowment of an art of vital interest to millions, where only tens or hundreds can know how to care for some of the learned branches for which professorships are founded. Money will yet be poured out freely for true colleges of music, as it has been for those of literature and science. Is it not worth as much fostering as a boat-race, international or other?

1. Consider, first, the simplest, *prima facie* claim of music—consider its civilizing agency, so far as it may become part of the popular, the public education.

We, as a democratic people, a great mixed people of all races, overrunning a vast continent, need music even more than others. We need some ever-present, ever-welcome influence that shall insensibly tone down our self-asserting and aggressive manners, round off the sharp, offensive angularity of character, subdue and harmonize the free and ceaseless conflict of opinions, warm out the genial individual humanity of each and every unit of society, lest he become a mere member of a party, or a slave of business or fashion. This rampant liberty will rush to its own ruin, unless there shall be found some gentler, harmonizing, humanizing culture, such as may pervade whole masses with a fine enthusiasm, a sweet sense of reverence for something far above us, beautiful and pure, awakening some idealism in every soul, and often lifting us out of the hard, hopeless prose of daily life. We need this beautiful corrective of our crudities. Our radicalism will pull itself up by the roots, if it do not cultivate the instinct of reverence. The first impulse of freedom is centrifugal to fly off the handle, unless it be restrained by a no less free, impassioned love of order. We need to be so enamoured of the divine idea of unity, that that alone,—the enriching of that,—shall be the real motive for assertion of our individuality. What shall so temper and tone down our "fierce democracy?" It must be something better, lovelier, more congenial to human nature than mere stern prohibition, cold Puritanic "Thou shalt not!" What can so quickly magnetize a people into this harmonic mood as music? Have we not seen it, felt it?

The hard-working, jaded millions need expansion, need the rejuvenating, the ennobling experience of joy. Their toil, their church and creed, perhaps, their

party livery, and very vote are narrowing; they need to taste, to breathe a larger freer life. Has it not come to thousands while they have listened to or joined their voices in some thrilling chorus that made the heavens seem to open and come down? The governments of the Old World do much to make the people cheerful and contented; here it is all *laissez faire*, each for himself, in an ever keener strife of competition. We must look very much to music to do this good work for us; we are open to that appeal; we can forget ourselves in that; we blend in joyous fellowship when we can sing together; perhaps quite as much so when we can listen together to a noble orchestra of instruments interpreting the highest inspirations of a master. The higher and purer the character and kind of music, the more of real genius there is in it, the deeper will this influence be.

Judge of what can be done by what already within our own experience has been done and daily is done. Think what the children in our schools are getting through the little that they learn of vocal music,—elasticity of spirit, joy in harmonious co-operation, in the blending of each happy life in others; a rhythmic instinct of order and of measure in all movement; and a quickening of the ear and sense, whereby they will grow up susceptible to music as well as with some use of their own voices, so that they may take part in it; for from these spacious nurseries (loveliest flower-gardens, apple-orchards in full bloom, say on their annual *fête* days) shall our future choirs and oratorio choruses be replenished with good, sound material.

(To be continued.)

DOWN WITH THE CAN-CAN.

(From "The Period.")

A blight has fallen upon the Alhambra, which may as well be expected to flourish without the ballet as apples to mature without cores. Hard times, too, have overtaken the pretty *coryphées* of Leicester Square, who angrily clench their white hands into facsimiles of their ivory umbrella handles. There is weeping behind the scenes and wailing at the stage door, to say nothing of gnashing of teeth in the manager's room; for the sheet anchor of the vessel which had youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm is carried away by an awful storm of magisterial indignation.

Terpsichore, sprightliest of the immortal nine, is banished from the palace of the west for "raising her foot higher than her head several times," and for making a nearer approach than usual to that state of things known as beauty unadorned. The combination of violent exercise and "scanty" habiliments, as exhibited by Mdle. Colonna and assistants, was (on the word and honour of Scotland-Yard only) really too bad; still it does seem harsh indeed that the ballet should be entirely suppressed at the Alhambra because a more than ordinary vivacious Can-can was given in *Les Nations*. Even this is denied by Mr. Strange; and it is quite possible that the London public may feel much disinclined to credit the police with a monopoly of truth-telling. The unfortunate Jack's word is, in reality, quite as good as his master's; but he has no appeal. He can enter no protest, he can lodge no complaint of having been unfairly treated; and more's the pity, when such an issue is involved as two hundred persons being thrown out of employment. The fact of an engraving being attached to the police report (so says Mr. Strange) is significant, either of the extreme simplicity of Colonel Henderson's gentle followers, or of a dead set having been intended against the Alhambra. Every one knows how near these illustrations are to the absolute truth, and it is almost incredible that such a flimsy argument can have had weight with the Middlesex magistrates. This, however, is Mr. Strange's published belief; and whether he may be right or wrong in this particular, he has a real grievance in the harsh, abrupt, and pitiless decision of those to whom the licensing power is confided.

As the foiled ruffian of melodrama has once or twice observed, "A time may come" for the spy system to be discontinued; when a warning may be fairly and honestly given before a crushing blow; when presumably wise people may be induced to reconsider their adverse decisions; and when the prompt withdrawal of anything considered objectionable may be accepted as evidence of a desire on the part of a manager to conform to the wishes of those in authority. As it is, the many at the Alhambra suffer for the alleged faults of the few, and a dispensation of this kind is held to be not altogether devoid of cruelty.

MR. HOUSE'S PARABLE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—I be hanged if I can make top or tail to the rum story told by Mr. Simcock House in your last number. Give my duty to Mr. House, and ask him to throw a little light on't.—Yours to command,

BENJAMIN BODGER.

Bullockton, October 24th.

[We have communicated with Mr. House, who says that Mr. Bodger must be as stupid as any one of his own pigs. He (House) declines to waste his luminosity.—Ed. M. W.]

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

The success of Mdle. Nilsson's transatlantic venture is now looked upon as assured. She has captivated New York, and, on the strength of such an achievement, may safely anticipate a triumphal progress through the country. This, it should be understood, was by no means a certain issue from the first, even in the estimation of those who thought most highly of Mdle. Nilsson's ability. Our cousins are not so easily led away by European reputation as they once were; being in fact, given to forming opinions of their own and sticking to them with remarkable pertinacity. Moreover, they have passed through a sobering process since Jenny Lind turned all their heads, and the result is seen in the absence of any special fuss about Mdle. Nilsson. On this subject the *New York Herald* made some remarks which are worth quoting:—

"Mdle. Nilsson has not created the same *furor* that marked the visit of her fair compatriot Jenny Lind; but the musical taste of the American people has been very much changed for the better since that time. Our public now give an artist a respectful, and even enthusiastic reception without that questionable and unreasonable tumult of feeling that is akin to humbug, and that no true artist can value as a proper recognition of his or her talents. No humbug, or exhibitor of monstrosities can deal with art as with a woolly horse or a Feejee mermaid, and no insane hatter can successfully advertise his business by being first at the box-office of a great artist. Mdle. Nilsson has achieved a triumph fully equal to that of her distinguished predecessor, without the element of humbug that attended the first season of Jenny Lind. We trust now that, independent of the pleasure derived from hearing such an accomplished, conscientious artist, her visit to this city will be productive of good in other respects. If our vocal societies are roused from their Rip Van Winkle lethargy and prove themselves capable of performing some of the magnificent promises set forth in their circulars; if music teachers cease their pernicious efforts to ruin some of our young, fresh American voices, which in other hands would bloom forth as rare flowers in the garden of vocalism; if musical managers cater to the legitimate taste of their audience, and trash be for ever banished from the domain of music, then the visit of Nilsson to America will bring forth good fruit."

It must be said for the American critics that they have done themselves much honour by discussing Mdle. Nilsson's claims with discrimination and impartiality. The artist's shortcomings have been pointed out, and her merits have received their due meed of admiration. It was well that both things should be done, since the triumph is thereby stamped as genuine, as a natural growth, and not the result of interested manipulation. That our readers may judge of the criticism Mdle. Nilsson evokes, and the impression she has made upon those best able to judge, we append an extract from the *New York Times* of the 2nd inst:—

"Mdle. Nilsson's concerts, during the week, have been fully and fashionably attended, and the vast audiences have shown no lack of that enthusiasm which has previously greeted her efforts. It is, perhaps, nevertheless true that her admirers are sometimes at a loss to give reasons for the faith that is in them; or, in other words, that it has not generally been found easy to analyze the charm which she exercises over the hearts of her listeners; a charm which has led the most cultivated and exacting of European publics to award her a place altogether exceptional—one which, if shared at all, is shared only by the memory of Jenny Lind. We must look for this charm wholly in the regions of sentiment. Great sensibility and loftiness of soul are the most obvious characteristics of her temperament, and a wonderful capacity of at once abstracting herself from the audience, and yet of letting them see, as it were, her inmost heart, seems to us the secret of the subtle charm of her singing. She appeals not to the public but to the individual; she rouses not collective, but personal feeling. Not so noble, and bright, and cold, and self-poised as Jenny Lind, she is more tender, more dreamy more full of a sentiment as human and not less pure. The 'Grand Scena' from *Lucia di Lammermoor* has, perhaps, been Mdle. Nilsson's greatest and most characteristic effort. It is the scene which displays Scott's most interesting heroine at the moment that mind and heart are given way under undeserved sufferings. Playing over the notes on the piano, one wonders how it was possible that Donizetti, who himself died mad, could have written such music to such a situation. The melodies are sweet, but they are overloaded with difficulties, with intricacies, with opportunities for mere vocal display, which have accordingly made the scene a test piece for singers, and one of the terrors of the concert-room. But Mdle. Nilsson's singing of this hackneyed production is like nothing that ever was heard before. The tears which sprang from some eyes on hearing her utter the line 'Alfin son tuo, alfin sei mio,' came from deep fountains. Mdle. Nilsson breaks no rules, shirks no difficulties, but her singing is entirely subordinated to the sentiment. She glides through all the tortuous passages, breathing them perfectly, but slightly as a part but not the whole of the sad discourse. Her mind and her hearer's mind are with the broken-hearted girl in the old house in the Lammer Muir, weaving sick fancies and hurrying to her death. She listens to the answering instruments of the orchestra, as if she were communing with weird and melancholy thoughts. The Lucy she brings before us plays with the *floriture* of the

music as Ophelia plays with the flowers she trifles with in her madness. Nothing more beautiful, nothing more touching, nothing more unaffectedly, heart-brokenly sad, have we ever before heard in a concert-room. Such a singer is worthy not only of universal applause, but of thoughtful appreciation; and that so sensitive a temperament and such rare capacities may long continue to bear the fatigues of a public life is what all lovers of music must earnestly desire."

NILSSON AND ESCULAPIUS; OR, KILLING WITH KINDNESS.

"She is here! Nilsson has come!" clicked the telegraph: "The ship's in the Bay!" cried the lookouts; and immediate traps were set to catch the lovely bird; and the fowler spread his nets on the landing place to snare her!

As she left her sea nest and fluttered timidly to land, the fowler like a hawk on a dove, swooped down upon her, and triumphantly carried off his prize; which parable being interpreted, means that Dr. Do-re-mi-us—a happy musical name for the matter—was the first to greet the dainty Swede. On his welcoming finger—so to speak—did the pretty song-bird first perch when she left the Ark, and he was anything but a *doremus* in the celerity with which he rapt her from the gaze and greetings of the enthusiastic five hundred on the docks, thus unkindly docked of the privilege they had won. Not content with this ineffable satisfaction, this Sardanapalus of luxuries, this Monopolist of "sweet boons" must, the next day, entice the northern warbler, the lark of Scandinavia, to his melodious mansion, and proclaim from his house-tops to a vast population of Chinese lanterns and a compact body of his personal friends, "Come! come! behold! lo! she is here! she is caught, she is mine! Ha! Ha! Come—behold my prize! Come, society be good enough—you should be happy enough—to fall down at her celestial knees—to look into her heavenly eyes, so ceruleanly blue, to shake her angelic hand, to listen to her cherubic voice, and to transport yourselves generally from earth to heaven in her presence!"

And the Chinese lanterns winked and glimmered, the compact body of friends prostrated themselves and *koto'd*; and the enchanted Doc. took an enchanted Doctail of sublimated Champagne, and in fact—not to be irrelevant—this descent of the "lark of Scandinavia" was a regular Scandinavian lark from the moment the Doc. received her at the Docks, until midnight sounded from the City clocks!

But the worst remains behind! Poor Nilsson, after suffering, with the utmost decorum, all the evening, was taken by the unabateable Doctor, planted carefully by an open window—an admirable preparative for her vocal journey next week—and, in this free country, was tyrannically compelled to sit there for one hour (by the Shrewsbury clock), glaringly gazed at by a midnight mob, containing numbers of the great unwashed and brassy "cheeky" of the metropolis, with, however, a large respectable flavour of Christian and civilized beings.

Yes, gentlemen of the jury! she sat there for one mortal hour, most musical, most melancholy, while a brass band brazenly played piece after piece, adding insult to injury, by Tannhausering the echoes of 4th Avenue, while a Swedish singing society spasmodically gurgled and piped, and chuckled, and growled—'tis said in the papers that she wept as they sang—well she might! There she sat, charming and lovely to look upon, her bright jewelry vieing with her brighter eyes, her golden bracelets eclipsed by her golden hair, her blue orbs full of animation, and her chiselled nostrils full of the stench of 300 additional Chinese lanterns, infatuatedly borne by that infatuated body of serenaders. Honour is very well! Nilsson is very great. May her shadow never grow less, etc., etc., all through the Koran! But, sweet doctor, dear doctor, amiable doctor! an hour of music, brass band music, she had heard a thousand times before—may it be said, at least, as well done and an extravagant oral application of such singing, as she certainly never could have heard before! Is this glorification? is that serenading? To your tents, O Israel, and kill no more *prime donne* with kindness.

One brilliant instrumental piece, one part song of welcome, one minute's graceful appearance at that doctrinal midnight window—that is the recipe for an effective serenade, beloved child of Esculapius, and that is the "proprest" way to treat an honoured guest. We are happy to say, however, that the Northern songstress was not quite killed with kindness, as our notice of her elsewhere proves; but we trust the doctor will not try so risky an experiment again, should he catch—which of course he will—another singing bird.—*Musical Bulletin*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—A grand concert was recently given, under the direction of Herr Julius Soehs, for the benefit of convalescent German soldiers and their families. The vocalists were Mdles. Ines Tubbr, of the theatre here; Singer, from Wiesbaden; Herreu Theodor Wachtel and Jacob Muller. The room was crowded.

ROME.—Despite all the political hubbub here, the Argentine Theatre opened as usual. The first opera was Donizetti's *Dom Sebastian*. The second is to be Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, and the third, probably, Signor Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*.

* We present this word to our inky brethren to substitute for "irrepressible," now thoroughly employed to describe the ubiquitous and bounding Fisk.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Director begs to announce that the Thirteenth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts will commence on Monday Evening, November 14, and that the Performances will take place as follows, viz.:—
1870. MONDAY, November 14; MONDAY, November 21; MONDAY, November 28;
MONDAY, December 5; MONDAY, December 12; MONDAY, December 19.
1871. MONDAY, January 9; MONDAY, January 16; MONDAY, January 23; MONDAY, January 30; MONDAY, February 6; MONDAY, February 13; MONDAY, February 20; MONDAY, February 27; MONDAY, March 6; MONDAY, March 13.
Morning Performances will be given (Seven) on Saturdays, January 28, February 4, 11, 18, 25, March 4 and 11 (1871).

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

THE present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that immortal genius to confine the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the Six Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Rasumovsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the Five Tros for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

PROGRAMME OF FIRST CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14TH, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 18, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Penitence"—Mlle. CLARA DORIA. *Beethoven.*
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 7, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in F major, Op. 5, No. 1, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—MM. HALLE and PIATTI. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Know'st thou the land"—Mlle. CLARA DORIA. *Beethoven.*
QUARTET, in G major, Op. 18, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI. *Beethoven.*
Conductor Mr. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Mitchell & Olivier, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Chapside; Hayz, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. P. (BRIXTON), is unavoidably postponed till our next.

QUAKER.—Certainly. Pryme Pease. Haydn had nothing to do with the matter.

A. S. S. (MAJOR).—Any man or woman (says He) who at once avails himself or herself of a cheap convenience (say a post-card), is as likely as possible to avail himself or herself (on some later occasion) of the turn accruing to him or her by the direct misfortunes of an ancestor. The time was simply half-past two.

DR. BUGGE.—Although the climate of Great Britain is proverbially changeable, our seasons are seldom characterized by great extremes, either of cold in winter or heat in summer, while the amount and distribution of rainfall are generally suited to a considerable variety of crops. Not more than two or three times in a century do seasons of remarkable winter cold, summer heat, or drought occur. We must go back for about half a century to find a season characterized by dryness and high temperature to that extent.

KRAKON.—Our correspondent is wrong in supposing that chasubles were not ornamented with figures of apostles and saints. Such figures are commonly found in the orfrees, pieces of embroidery in gold and silk with which chasubles were decorated. Several ancient examples proving this may be seen in the South Kensington Museum—e.g., Nos. 78, 673, &c. Nor is "Krakon" more correct in supposing that a silk vestment buried in 1236 must have perished or become unrecognizable. He may see in the library of the Durham Cathedral remains of a stole found with the remains of St. Cuthbert, which date from the 10th or 11th century. On these fragments figures of saints in gold and colour are to be seen in almost perfect preservation.

LAVENDER PIT.—Our correspondent is wholly in error. We have kept the article, and here it is, slightly contracted:—

"The management of the Royalty has passed from Miss M. Oliver to Miss Henrietta Hodson, a young actress, some time a leading member of the Queens'. The novelty is a burlesque by Mr. F. C. Burnand, whose name is

identified with the successes of the house. It was only on the production of *Ixion*, under Mrs. Selby, that the theatre in Soho was recognized as a place of dramatic entertainment, and *Black-Eyed Susan* was the 'fact' of Miss Oliver's reign. *F. M. Julius Cæsar*, or *the Irregular Rum 'Un*, though successful, will not eclipse former achievements. A piece more devoid of plot it is impossible to conceive, though it is in three acts. We find Julius Cæsar (Mr. Oliver Summers) with a hooked nose; Brutus (Miss Rachel Sanger), his rival in the affections of Calpurnia (Miss H. Hodson), and Cassius (Mr. Flockton), distinguished from the rest by a costume which makes him look as if coated with plaster of Paris. With Shakspeare the work has no connexion. The first act is laid at Rome; the second, at "pre-historic Brighton," indicating the invasion of Britain; the third, at Rome, when Cæsar appears triumphant. As purposeless pleasantries, well and good; but the new burlesque seems to point in some manner to the events now filling the world with awe. Fallen majesty dancing a 'break-down' would not be a pleasant spectacle. But we may be mistaken."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870.

THE remains of Michael William Balfe, the most prolific and most popular of our composers for the theatre, were consigned to the grave on Wednesday afternoon, the 26th inst., in the cemetery of Kensall Green. The funeral was conducted quite privately. Very few invitations had been sent out; and those who attended were exclusively composed of the relatives and friends of the deceased. The chief mourners were Mr. Maximilian Behrend, son-in-law, Messrs. Theodore and Henry Behrend, grandsons of the deceased. Among those present were Messrs. J. Benedict, Dion Boucicault, Manuel Garcia, Gardoni, G. A. Osborne, Sagrini, Meyer Lutz, G. Wood, Frank Romer, Tom Hohler, T. Chappell, S. Arthur Chappell, W. D. Davison, J. W. Davison, W. Ganz, C. Lyall, G. Dolby, E. Murray, Aynsley Cooke, Bingley, St. Leger, and the recent medical advisers of the deceased. That a large number would have been at the cemetery, had the occasion been made public, there can be little doubt. Balfe had many personal friends as well as many admirers; and few would willingly have lost the opportunity of paying him the last possible mark of affection or respect.

The grave of Balfe is immediately next that of his compatriot, intimate acquaintance, and friendly rival, William Vincent Wallace.

We reserve for a future occasion our estimate of the late musician's ability as a composer, and the influence which his numerous productions have exercised upon our art.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

THE "Parson versus Organist" affair at Branscombe is not yet settled, and the chances are that we shall have another exemplification of Christian brotherhood, and rural happiness. Our readers will remember how the Rev. Henry George Tomkins, Vicar of Branscombe, summoned his lady organist and her brother to answer a bench of magistrates touching sundry high crimes and misdemeanours. They will also have in recollection how the accuser was sent home with a flea in his ear; his charges having come to nothing. It seems, now, that the Rev. Tomkins though

defeated was not cast down. He appeared, last Saturday, in the congenial pages of the *Church Herald*, as a model of long suffering and a martyr to persecution. Here is the gist of his letter:—

"At Christmas, 1869, Mr. W. Ford resigned the superintendence of the choir on my directing that one hymn at least from our (S.P.C.K.) hymn book should be sung in each Service, instead of other hymns and anthems unknown to most of the congregation and myself, and of which I had received many complaints. On Saturday, January 1st, 1870, after I had practised with my singers the hymns for the Sunday, Miss Ford wrote to 'inform me that as organist she would play what tunes she liked' (and she did accordingly). I was advised by the Archdeacon of Exeter 'rather to do without organ altogether, and sing ever so badly, than to put up with this.' Still I did put up with it, and with much more, till September 15th, 1870, when the organ struck up during the prayer for the Queen, and played till almost the end of that prayer, as long as a minute and a half. Mr. W. Ford, who had received my direction against singing after the third Collect from the sexton's son, was heard repeatedly urging his sister to go on playing, while several persons close by were endeavouring to stop her, and I was continuing the prayer in a very loud voice. When the organ stopped he angrily called out, 'Why hadn't you gone on?'—to which one of the choir replied, 'Because we wouldn't make such fools of ourselves.' Mr. W. Ford threatened the singers during the prayers that they should not come to his house that evening, nor belong to his choir any more, if they would sing when I gave out the Psalm. Accordingly the organ was mute and the singers sat silent. I therefore led the singing myself, the choir sitting all the while silent, but the congregation rising and generally singing. The same member of the choir before referred to, stated that there was no mistake at all, and that my directions were understood beforehand. The sexton's son also stated that he had delivered my message quite rightly. As advised by the Archdeacon, who was the preacher, I dismissed the organist and the choir. Had I done so in January I might have been wiser, but not more tolerant. After this a persecution of the poor was set up, to stop the singing in Church, the chiming, and even the Sunday-school. Mr. W. Ford insulted and threatened one of my servants returning from church. Two poor tenants of land belonging to Mr. W. Ford had notice to quit. One was told by the farmer who had given him notice, that Mr. Ford and he had consulted, and Mr. Ford was informed that the poor man went to Mr. Tomkins to help to teach the new choir (which was not true by the way), and if he did, and sang in Church to support Mr. Tomkins, he was to be turned out of his ground. The other poor man went to Mr. W. Ford, who gave as the reason why he was turned out, that Mr. W. and Miss Ford were informed that his two daughters were going to join a choir and sing in the Church. This, however, was not true. After this I took proceedings at law for the sake of bringing out the truth and obtaining protection; but two witnesses gave utterly untrue evidence, and contradicted themselves in the box, and my solicitor thought fit to drop the rest of the case. Since September 15th the members of the late choir retained their seats in the Church for three Sundays, not singing, but talking, laughing, and coughing, so that it was nearly impossible to conduct the service. But on October 9th order was kept by the police, and on October 16th, by order of the churchwardens, the singers' seats were occupied by singers who would do their duty, and the Services were held in peace, one of the churchwardens having previously taken pains to tell the parishioners that there should be no more compulsion to prevent the poor people from singing in their Parish Church when led by their vicar."

Only two or three remarks are called for with reference to the above. It seems evident enough that the Rev. Tomkins and Mr. W. Ford are both a little obstinate and cantankerous. Mr. Ford will not recognize the powers that be, and defies constituted authority, on the one hand; while, on the other, the Rev. Tomkins appeals with fatal readiness to "the secular arm," as a means of settling disputes concerning which the world should know nothing. The result is discomfiture for both. Ford is, properly, ousted from the singing gallery; while Tomkins is twice beaten at law, on one occasion his witnesses breaking down and his solicitor giving up. Bravo, impartial Nemesis!—but there is more work for thee to do. The Rev. and defeated Tomkins accuses his witnesses of perjury. Yet Christian charity "thinketh no evil," while it also "suffereth long and is kind."

The receipts of Mlle. Christine Nilsson's first Philadelphia concert amounted, it is said, to upwards of 6,000 dollars.

THE programme of to-day's concert at the Crystal Palace is of unusual interest. First come the overtures to *Leonore*, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, in immediate succession (as Mendelssohn once gave them at the Leipsic Gewandhaus). Then we are to have the C minor Symphony. Then the "*Liederkreis*," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. A. S. Sullivan. Lastly comes the overture to *Fidelio*, in E—to amateurs best known, if not most loved, of all the four. This, indeed, is a Beethoven programme, and the arrangement is infinitely creditable to Mr. Manns.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A DESIRABLE improvement is about to be made at the grave of Wordsworth in Grasmere churchyard, where the body of the poet lies between a yew tree of his own planting and an aged thorn. The railing erected while enclosing graves of poet and his wife, has left graves of three infant children unprotected, so that visitors might tread upon the latter, while looking at the former. The railing is to be extended, to enclose the graves of the children.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Mapleson, no matter in what circumstances he may be placed, whether as sole or joint occupier of one or other of our great lyric theatres, remains true to the autumnal season which has for many years been true to him. Though no longer in partnership with Mr. Gye, he announces twenty-four performances in Mr. Gye's operahouse; the first to take place on Monday, when Mozart's *Zauberflöte* will be produced. Judging from the prospectus which appears in our advertising columns this week, the forthcoming campaign will have a more important character than usually belongs to the out-of-season doings. It will last, for example, during six weeks; a host of capable artists are engaged; and the list of works to be brought forward contains many operas of the highest importance, as well as one or two novelties, such as Verdi's *Macbeth*. We need not give particulars which have already appeared; and there only remains to hope that manager and public will be alike satisfied with the result.

GRAND festivities were announced at the country-seat of Baron August, Szegszard, on the 21st inst., when the Abbate Franz Liszt, who, as our readers know, has been stopping there for sometime, completed his sixty-first year. The day will be an important one in the estimation of the Abbate's admirers, for on that day he was to decide whether he will remain in Hungary or not. He had to choose between Hungary and Weimar. From the latter place, he draws, as first *Hofcapellmeister*, an annual salary of 2000 thalers. This he could not afford to lose. But he made the Hungarian Episcopate an offer, and on their acceptance or rejection of it was to depend his remaining in Hungary or not. He proposed that he should be appointed General-Director of Roman Catholic Sacred Music, with an annual salary of 4000 guildens.

Jeh hatte eluen Camerad.

In Alsace, over the Rhine,
There lives a Brother of mine;
It grieves my soul to say
He hath forgot the day
We were one land and line.

Dear Brother, torn apart,
Is 't true that changed thou art!
The French have clapped on thee
Red breeches, as we see;
Have they Frenchified thy heart?

Hark! that's the Prussian drum,
And it tells the time has come.
We have made one "Germany,"
One "Deutschland," firm and free!
And our civil strife is dumb.

Thou also, fighting sore,
Ankle-deep in German gore,
We have won. Ah, Brother dear!
Thou art German—dost thou hear?
They shall never part us more.

Who made this song of mine?
Two comrades by the Rhine:—
A Saxon man began it,
And a Pomeranian sang it,
In Alsace, on the Rhine.

DRESDEN.—Herr J. Lauterbach was the last professional solo-violinist who ever played at the Tuileries. He appeared at the Court Concert given there last April, and, after his performance, received, as a mark of the Emperor's satisfaction, a gold snuff-box, and an invitation "to come again next spring." The artists of the Grand Opera then sang a "Miserere," and thus ended the last concert at the Tuileries.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr. SKYMOUR SMITH's benefit concert took place on Thursday week at the Camberwell Hall, but the attendance was not good. Mr. Chaplin Henry's rendering of "The Village Blacksmith" was in every respect satisfactory. Madame Osborne Williams gained much applause, for "The Sailor's Story" and "Fanciulle che il core," from *Dinorah*. Mr. S. Smith was very humorous in two musical sketches, "A visit to the Opera" and "Brown's Dinner Party," and with Mrs. Smith was well received in "The Singing Lesson." The lady also gained some favour for her singing of "Why are you wandering?" Mr. O. Williams gave a pianoforte selection. Messrs. Medwin, Bernard, and Carter also contributed to the evening's amusement.

The first concert of the season of the Monthly Popular Concerts took place on Tuesday week at the Angell Town Institution, Brixton. The hall was crowded in every part, and the programme was heartily appreciated by the visitors. Mr. Ridley Prentice, to whom we believe is due the management of the Monthly Popular Concerts, is to be complimented for the ability and energy he has displayed in making them so successful, and little wonder was expressed when on his appearance he was enthusiastically received. His performance of Mendelssohn's Sonata in E major was good. The *Melodie Religieuse* (Gounod) for violin (Weist Hill), violoncello (Pettit), pianoforte (R. Prentice), and organ (Minson), was so well given that it was encored. Madame Dowland sang with taste and expression "The God of Love my shepherd is" (R. Prentice). The lady also gave "In my wild Mountain Valley" and "Love has Eyes." Mr. Winn's "Revenge, Timotheus cries" and "The Change of Twenty Years," were finely delivered. Lady Thompson's trio in D minor for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and Haydn's Quartet in G minor, for two violins, viola, and violoncello were well received, the execution being entrusted to Messrs. W. Hill, Folkes, Burnett, Pettit, and Prentice. Mr. Minson was conductor.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The event of the musical season so far, has been the *début* of Nilsson. Her first concert was largely attended, and all the succeeding ones have been equally successful in drawing large audiences. It is said that the average nightly receipts have been 4,000 dollars. So far eight concerts and three *matinées* have been given, and the company have now left for Baltimore and other southern cities. During her stay in New York Miss Nilsson at her different concerts has sung the mad scenes from *Hamlet* and *Lucia*; arias from *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, and *Semiramide*; Handel's "Angels ever bright;" the ballads of "Auld Robin Gray," and "Home, sweet home," and several French and Swedish songs. One night she sang as an encore the negro melody, "Old Folks at Home." With the general public there is a genuine enthusiasm about Miss Nilsson, though the prices of admission have kept many amateurs away. Some are waiting for an opportunity of hearing Miss Nilsson in opera, for which, it is believed, her most signal American triumphs are preserved. There is a difficulty in finding a suitable theatre for her to appear in. The extensive privileges held by the stockholders of the Academy of Music, who monopolize all the best seats without pay, renders it inexpedient for the manager to engage that house, and the other establishments are occupied by other attractions.

Very absurd stories have been set afloat about alleged efforts on the part of the Lotos Club to induce Miss Nilsson to sing before it, previous to appearing in public. The idea was broached by one or two members, and would have been a simple and graceful compliment; but the innocent scheme has been shamefully misrepresented by the enemies of the club (an organization which includes most of our recognized musical critics). I have seen paragraphs in the English papers which would give an entirely erroneous idea of this club and its objects.

Opera *bouffe* is meeting with success at Fisk's Operahouse, though all the singers, with the exception of Mdle. Silby, are only third-rate. Hervé's *Petit Faust*, produced in superb style, as far as the stage mounting goes, is the present attraction, and is soon to be followed by Offenbach's *Brigands*.

A German opera troupe of resident singers is doing well at the Stadttheatre. The performances, which appeal exclusively to the Germans in New York, have included the *Trovatore*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Faust*, *Freischütz*, *Huguenots*, *Martha*, and *Marriage of Figaro*. The company comprises, as *prime donne*, Madame Frederic and Mdle. Lichttray, both useful and intelligent singers; the tenors, Habelmann, Himmer, and Bernard; the baritone Vierling, who has a young fresh voice; the brothers Carl and Wilhelm Formes; and several minor artists of fair ability. Orchestra and chorus are both good. Clara Perl the Viennese contralto is soon to appear as Orsini in *Lucrèce Borgia*, and as Fides in the *Prophete*. The prices of admission range from 20

cents up to two dollars, and the season has so far been conducted with ability, and has already lasted longer than operatic seasons in New York generally do.

English opera is announced to open at Niblo's, on the 18th of October, with Caroline Richings as *prima donna*, the remainder of the troupe being made up from the debris of the Richings and Parepa companies. It is, on the whole, a rather strong combination but Parepa will be sadly missed. She is very affectionately remembered here by all classes of the musical public. She will have a glorious reception whenever she returns to this country; and Carl Rosa will share in it.

Clara Louise Kellogg has started on a long concert tour, which is her own speculation. Her troupe includes Wehli the pianist (who is very popular here) and the New York baritone, Randolf. She gave a concert at the Academy of Music on the 8th instant, and had a very handsome reception. Nilsson was in a stage box and applauded vigorously. Miss Kellogg intends to sing this winter in oratorio, which is a branch of musical art new to her.

There is no prospect of Italian Opera here this season, unless some of the unemployed artists of Paris should come over.

The remains of Gottschalk, the pianist, who died a year ago in Rio Janeiro, arrived here lately. Funeral services took place at St. Stephen's Church, and Cherubini's *Requiem* was sung in fair style by one of our local choirs, aided by a chorus. There was no orchestra. Dr. Berge conducted. Certain of Gottschalk's compositions were sung, and the organist played, as a voluntary, his last production, which he so significantly entitled "*Morte*." Gottschalk's sisters are in town, and intend to give a series of concerts.

The New York Philharmonic Society announces its regular winter concerts, promising the following orchestral works:—

SYMPHONIES.—No. 8, Beethoven; "Ocean" (first time by the Society), Rubinstein; G major (first time by the Society), Haydn; D major (four movements), Mozart; "Im Walde" ("In the Forest," first time in America, Raff; E flat major, Schumann; No. 4, Beethoven *Poème Symphonique*, "Tasso," Liszt; Two movements, "Unfinished," Schubert.

OVERTURES.—"Tannhäuser," Wagner; "Anacreon," Cherubini; "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn; "Carnival Romain," Berlioz; "Macbeth" (first time), Heinefetter; "Idomeneo" (first time), Mozart; "Sacuntala" (by request), Goldmark; "Aladdin" (first time), Reinecke; "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; "Medea," F minor, Bargiel; "Im Hochland," ("The Highlands,") Gade; "Scherzo and Finale," Schumann.

Mr. Wehli, the pianist, has been invited to play at one of the concerts. This compliment is owing to his admirable performance of a Mendelssohn *Capriccio* at the recent Kellogg concert.

New York, U. S., Oct. 11, 1870.

NILSSON.

AN AMERICAN CRITICISM.

Looking critically at the artistic qualities of Christine Nilsson, she presents not many that have not been equalled by her predecessors, the great secret of her success lying in her power to establish between herself and her auditors a sympathetic link, whose bonds, while they are pleasant, are secure. Seldom has an artist appeared before the American public who more fully possessed that peculiar attribute which we are wont to term magnetism. Her influence is felt from the first moment her lips are opened in melodious utterance. Silence, almost painful in its intensity, is secured immediately, and the effect is irresistible. Her execution is marked by artistic refinement, while her voice, leaning rather to a mezzo than a high soprano, is wondrously rich and sympathetic in its lower and middle registers. While her style is filled with purity of sentiment, it is, at the same time, fully imbued with dramatic intensity, and, on the lyric stage, she must fully realize those glowing words of praise that come to us from across the water. In the concert-room she possesses neither the power nor volume of voice of Mdme. Parepa Rosa, which she atones for with tender melody, relieved by flashes of lyric brilliancy; but, on the stage, these must tell with remarkable effect, and entrance her auditors. Her appearance in our midst, then, while it has not inaugurated any very great revolution in art, has given us the opportunity of listening to a great and true artist—one who will further in us the love and devotion for music. She is not, perhaps, a thorough purist, but is a sweet and lovable woman, whose noble voice has won for her the regard and esteem of two hemispheres.

LEISIC.—One great attraction at the second Gewandhaus Concert was the appearance of Herr and Mdme. Joachim. Herr Joachim played Beethoven's concerto and a "Ciaccona" by Vitali—how, it is needless to say. Mdme. Joachim was greatly applauded for her singing of the recitative and air from Gluck's *Alceste*; of two songs by Schumann, and of "Die Soldaten brust," the last piece being a voluntary addition on the part of the fair artist. Herr Dietrich's Symphony in D minor—performed last season for the first time—and Gluck's overture to *Iphigénie en Aulis* were finely given by the band.

The Fast Wise Words of About.

On Tuesday morning I brought to Paris a specimen of the provinces, or rather, I may say, a tattered and bloody rag of the invaded provinces. The general mass of the public took a certain amount of interest in that spectacle. Delicate and fastidious minds found it somewhat strong, and I have been told that it is not well to speak the truth at all times. I replied, like General Trochu, by my motto: *Omnia vera dicenda*. To-day it is Paris that I wish to exhibit to the provinces, such as it presents itself to me after a month's absence—Paris transformed by a flash of lightning, and profoundly disturbed in its sentiments, ideas, and manners. Paris takes no heed of the change which has occurred in itself; it is as the eye which sees not in itself. I found it on Tuesday morning in a state of great anxiety, but firm and resolute in all its sadness. It had a presentiment of the great battle fought between Metz and Verdun; it could not rely upon a success which experience had shown to be difficult and costly; but it did rely upon its own courage, and made energetic preparations for its own defence. I find it to-day modest and reserved in the moment of victory. It is not misled by any illusions; it does not attempt to persuade itself that all has been accomplished by a single stroke, and it wasted no time in decorating its houses with flags. It thanked and blessed the army *in pecto* without desisting from its own work, ready to support and reinforce it at the first signal. Youths and men alike were exercising themselves in the use of arms. I met yesterday a member of the Institute, a house porter, and a gay liver of the Moulin Rouge, who had been together receiving a lesson in the management of the Chassepot. Bodily exercises have revived in favour. The Paz Gymnasium is always crowded. A population which had only nerves desires henceforth to acquire muscle. The children who will be born next year will come into the world under better conditions than their seniors, and will become substantial men. Paris has made immense progress in politics: it no longer troubles itself with politics. The discussion of internal affairs is put off; all parties have signed an armistice in the presence of the enemy. The state of siege is accepted without discussion; the excellence of M. Duvernois is not disputed. Paris allows the Government to do anything so long as the Prussians are kept outside. Gambetta fraternizing with the Comte de Palikao gives a strong, strange, but accurate representation of the Parisian feeling. The provinces, and especially those which are invaded, have not come to this state of mind. They have two maledictions in their mouths, one directed against the Prussians and the other against the authors of the war. In making myself the echo of a discontent which political and philosophical Paris has thought fit to postpone, I have acted as a true provincial. There are names which Paris no longer mentions than if they dated from the 12th century. Let us attend to the Prussians first. When the invasion has been repelled it will consult, it will make up its accounts, and will dispose of itself. Novel and admirable wisdom among us. If it could only continue it would simplify affairs, and would greatly abridge the great crisis. Pleasures which formerly constituted the great business of life in Paris are so no longer. Drilling, working, meditating, there is no longer time or inclination for amusement. The capital of European good living, whither M. Haussmann attracted all the eaters, the drinkers, the flatterers of the world, has within a few days assumed a Spartan aspect. The theatres are closed, except four or five, which play to empty benches. Dress has become plainer and more subdued; a gay toilet would be as discordant as a false note. To complete the picture of this proud and happy metamorphosis I will tell you that Paris, but lately too rich, has suddenly become poor. All those documents representing shares and stocks—the pieces of paper, blue pink, or green, which M. Rouher pompously estimated *en bloc* at forty milliards—become reduced to their real worth. The bank-note has undergone the logical depreciation entailed by a forced currency, gold and silver are scarce, and each keeps by him the little that he may possess in case of possible contingencies. An entire population which hitherto had the foolish habit of living upon its capital, discounting the future, and making extravagant abuse of credit has returned to habits of foresight, of saving, and of that worldly simplicity which constituted the strength of our forefathers, and which unhappily now constitutes that of our enemies. For 20 years we have been, or we fancied we were too rich; luxuries had been forced upon the most modest tastes and fortunes; *parvenus* being permitted to set the fashion it was almost discreditable not to spend 100,000 a year. War has restored the credit of poverty. We may now venture to walk, and we no longer fear to ask four friends to dine off beef and potatoes. When I think that only last winter, scarcely six months ago, the humblest *bourgeois* of Paris would have lost caste had he failed to offer his guests sham Chambertine and disguised Chateau Yquem with a pheasant stuffed with woolly balls. *Vive la misère* if it makes us more wise at the same time that it makes us more manly. Paris is beginning to comprehend that it can dine sufficiently well without truffles, and that a woman may look as pretty in a 50*fr.* dress as in a gauzy wave which cost 30 *louis*. We shall emerge from this crisis better than we began it, and France will gain in elevation without any diminution of her surface.

August 22nd, 1870.

Edmond About.

In describing a new organ, a country editor says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bedclothes."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

A WORD FOR MR. BABBAGE.—"GRINDING" AND SINGING.

The domestic war which has raged so many years in London between the busy folk and the invalids on one side, and the organgrinders and their abettors on the other, has not, it seems, yet reached its final pacification. Gradually the "grinders" have been pushed back into the courts and lanes and the purlieus of public-houses, defeated in many a pitched battle in the police-office, and the decree of the Italian Government published last year, prohibiting the export of hapless little boys for the trade, has cut off their supply of recruits. Altogether, the prospects of the campaign look dark for those organized but yet ill-disciplined forces. Yet it would seem they have among them a Gambetta, if not a Trochu, who sturdily refuses to yield an inch of London pavement. Mr. Babbage, the Von Moltke of the army of educated people, has once more been compelled to exert his generalship. At Marylebone, on Saturday last, the veteran pressed home the charge against an Italian hurdy-gurdy man who had persisted in holding his ground and grinding his instrument of torture in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Babbage's house. In military phrase he had been summoned to lay down his arms; in civil parlance, a servant had been sent to bid him go about his business. But the proud musician refused the challenge of the foe. Supported, it would appear, by the cheers of the usual staff of attendant urchins, and the halfpence subscribed by adjacent areas, he of the hurdy-gurdy defied the calculator's envoy, and ground on as before. Need we add that final defeat followed such ill-advised arrogance? Fate, in the shape of Mr. Tyrwhitt, mulcted the grinder of twenty shillings and the cost of the war, or in default of payment consigned him to seven day's incarceration.

Let us sincerely hope that after this last signal victory, Mr. Babbage will be suffered to enjoy unbroken peace for the rest of his life. When we reflect on how exceedingly few human brains, if any other living ones than his own, are able to perform the abstruse operations whereby he has so signally served both theoretic science and the practical necessities of navigation, it is equally ridiculous and deplorable to think that his work should be interrupted, bewildered, and delayed,—that two maid-servants and three small gutter-children should enjoy in that particular corner of Marylebone, the sweet melodies of "The Little Wee Dog," "Par Excellence," and the "Indian Boys." The Government, which had long paid large sums through the hands of Mr. Babbage for nautical and other calculations performed by himself and his subordinates, has—it is certainly known—lost through waste of such valuable time and labour, enough to afford the whole population of London the finest of gratuitous concerts. But the perversity of the human machines, the creature that grinds, the naughty maids who listen and encourage, thinking it double fun to tease the philosopher, and the *gamins* of the neighbourhood,—all these have proved more refractory and irreconcilable than all the difficulties which he encountered in the way of constructing the calculating machine. It is easier, he has found, to make bits of steel and wood work logarithms than to teach men, women, and children to behave like rational beings. We must say, seriously, that we think Mr. Babbage's neighbours, the proprietors of the adjacent houses, are much to blame that they do not make common cause to protect a public benefactor in his declining years from the repeated renewal of such annoyance.

—Echo.

TO JOHN (ESQ.) OXENFORD.

MONSIEUR, ET CHER OXENFORD.—Actors, when they have an evening to spare, are proverbially fond of going to the play. In the interests of what remains of dramatic art in England, it was most desirable that our best performers should take an opportunity of seeing Regnier during his recent engagement at the Princess's Theatre. This admirable comedian was to bid farewell to the stage he had adorned for forty years, at the end of April, 1871. When he says good-bye to the House of Molière—that national foundation which has its Fellows (of both sexes), its Dean, its statutes, its revenues, its Common-room, and its College meetings—he will bear with him, into his well-earned retirement, not only the admiration and esteem of that famous Society, but a reputation for brilliant professional service, exemplary character, and unexceptionable conduct. As Dean of the Sociétaires, and Professor at the Conservatoire, Regnier will survive the school he has formed. In the masterpieces of French comedy, in many humorously patriotic creations for which living dramatists are indebted to his fine intelligence, and sometimes ingenious co-operation, he has always sustained beyond reach of vulgar prejudice the dignity of a vocation too often profaned by vanity, and associated with a sort of moral vagabondage. The dramatic profession owes gratitude to one who has shown that for a consummate actor it is no disadvantage to be a gentleman, with a liberal education, to be a student, man of the world, good husband and father, and even "respectable" citizen, neither above nor beyond the ordinary observances of moral and social law. Twice or thrice has Regnier expressed his anxious wish to retire; and on each occasion he has found it impossible to resist the deputation convened to ask him to "remain a little longer." He might have resisted the urgent solicitations of a Minister of State, but to his brethren he could not answer "No." Before this time next year, however, he will have abandoned the actor's mask.—Yours, Monsieur et cher Oxenford, agreeably and profoundly,

The Round, Oct. 15.

PURPLE POWIS.

NEW ORGAN AT SCHWERIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

SIR,—I take the pleasure to send you an account of a new grand organ, which is being placed in our fine Cathedral Church by Mr. Friedrich Ladegast, builder of the organ of St. Nicolai at Leipsic, and the Dom at Merseburg. The present organ will be one of the finest in Europe, with a *crescendo* and *diminuendo* for the whole instrument, marked in Nos. 14 and 15 of the composition pedals. I should be very glad if you would take notice of this organ in your *Musical World*, as I think it would be of much interest to English readers. The organ will be opened, with a concert, by George Hepworth, organist of the Cathedral. Mr. Ladegast has received an order from Vienna to build a concert organ for the Conservatorium of that city. The cost of the Schwerin instrument is only 11,000 dollars, Prussian (£1,650), exclusive of the case and carriage from Weissenfels (near Leipsic). I have added to the printed list of stops, &c., where I thought it necessary, an English translation, which, in case you give the whole, you can make use of at leisure—Yours, &c.,

Schwerin, 29th September.

X. Y. Z.

DESCRIPTION AND PLAN.

GREAT ORGAN.

Part 1st.

1. Principal 16 feet; 2. Principal 8 feet; 3. Octave 4 feet; 4. Spitzflöte 4 feet; 5. Quinte 2½ feet; 6. Terz et Septime aus 4 feet; 7. Octave 2 feet 8. Cornett 5 fach; 9. Cornett 5 fach; 10. Cymbel 3 fach; 11. Mixture 4 fach; 12. Trompette 8 feet.

Part 2nd.

13. Bordun 16 feet; 14. Bordun 32 feet; 15. Trombone 16 feet; 16. Gemshorn 8 feet; 17. Viola di Gamba 8 feet; 18. Flauto major 8 feet; 19. Doppelgedackt 8 feet; 20. Rohrquint 5½ feet; 21. Rohrflöte 4 feet.

Oberwerk.

22. Principal 16 feet; 23. Principal 8 feet; 24. Principal 4 feet; 25. Gemshorn 4 feet; 26. Flauto minor 4 feet; 27. Gemshornquinte 2½ feet; 28. Octave 2 feet; 29. Cornett 3 fach; 30. Progressio 2-bis 4 fach; 31. Scharf 4 fach; 32. Waldflöte 2 feet; 33. Oboë 8 feet; 34. Quintatön 16 feet; 35. Fagot 16 feet; 36. Bordunflöte 8 feet; 37. Quintatön 8 feet; 38. Fugara 8 feet; 39. Rohrflöte 8 feet; 40. Flöte 4 feet.

Choir Organ.

41. Geigenprincipal 8 feet; 42. Gedackt 16 feet; 43. Salicional 8 feet; 44. Doppelflöte 8 feet; 45. Flauto traversa 8 feet; 49. Fugara 4 feet; 47. Piffero 4 feet; 48. Gedackt 4 feet; 49. Piccolo 2 feet; 50. Progress 2-bis 4 fach; 51. Octave flute 4 feet; 52. Clarinette 8 feet.

Swell Organ.

53. Viola 16 feet; 54. Viola d'amour 8 feet; 55. Lieblichgedackt 8 feet; 56. Zartflöte 8 feet; 57. Unda maris 8 feet; 58. Salicional 4 feet; 59. Flauto dolce 4 feet; 60. Stopped flute; 61. Harmonia aetherea 3 fach, 3 ranks; 62. Aeoline 16 feet.

PEDAL ORGAN.

Part 1st.

63. Violon 32 feet; 64. Untersatz 32 feet; 65. Posaune 32 feet; 66. Octavbass 16 feet; 67. Violin 16 feet; 68. Posaune 16 feet.

Part 2nd.

69. Principalbass 16 feet; 70. Principalbass 8 feet; 71. Terz 12½ feet; 72. Quinte 10½ feet; 73. Cello 8 feet; 74. Quinte 5½ feet; 75. Octave 4 feet; 76. Cornett 4 fach; 77. Trompette 8 feet; 78. Trompette 4 feet.

Part 3rd.

79. Salicetbass 16 feet; 80. Subbass 16 feet; 81. Gambenbass 8 feet; 82. Flötenbass 8 feet; 83. Octavflöte 4 feet; 84. Dulcian 16 feet.

Coupling Stops, &c.

85. Manualcoppel 1; 86. Manualcoppel 2; 87. Manualcoppel 3; 88. Pedalcoppel z. Man. 1; 89. Pneumatisches Werk der Manuale; 90, 91, 92. Sperrventile für die Pedalwerke; 93. Tremulant; 94. Schwebung; 95. Calcantenrufer 1; 96. Calcantenrufer 2.

COMPOSITION PEDALS.

1. To part 1st of Manual I., Great Organ; 2. To part 2nd of Manual I., Great Organ; 3. For free combination Manual I., Great Organ; 4. To part 1st of Manual II., Oberwerk; 5. To part 2nd of Manual II., Oberwerk; 6. For free combination Manual II., Oberwerk; 7. To Manual III., or Choir Organ; 8. Combination of Manual III.; 9. To Manual IV., Swell Organ; 10. Combination of Manual IV.; 11. Swell Pedal to Manual IV.; 12. To parts 1 and 2 of Pedal Organ and Pedal Coupler; 13. Combination of all Basses; 14. Crescendo for the whole instrument; 15. Diminuendo for the whole instrument.

All those pedals are arranged in one line above the pedal keys opposite the performer. All the stops placed on 84 sound-boards, and

conveniently distributed, are tuned in the Paris or French normal pitch. The compass on the manuals is from C C to F, or a compass of 54 notes; the pedal from C C C to F, or 30 notes. The pneumatic apparatus works on all keys, manuals and pedals, and draw-stops, and composition pedals. By means of the pedals for free combination it is possible, with a light touch of the foot, to bring any wished for group of stops to act or cease. By the pedals numbered 14 and 15 all the stops, from the softest to the full organ, can be brought to play or cease, and in this manner the complete *crescendo* and *diminuendo* may be effected. The supply of wind consists of four cylinder air pumps, with other large bellows, six large reservoirs, several smaller regulators and equalizing bellows.

Weissenfels, May, 1870.

PROVINCIAL.

MAIDSTONE.—A correspondent writes:—

"Mr. George Tolhurst's oratorio, *Ruth*, was given in his native town the second time, on Thursday, October 20th, to a large auditory. The vocalists were Miss Susannah Cole, Madame Sauerbrey, Mr. John Woollett, and Mr. Farquharson. The usual custom of restraining applause at a sacred performance was broken through on this occasion, almost every number being welcomed with hearty demonstrations of approval. The composer conducted."

HOUNSLOW.—A correspondent writes:—

"The Sacred Choral Society gave their fourth annual concert in the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, and achieved a creditable performance of the *Creation*, under the direction of Mr. F. W. Hidden. The solos were given by Miss Agnes Lyndurst (who sang remarkably well throughout, and received quite an ovation after in 'With verdure clad'), Mr. Alfred Bennet, and Mr. Charles J. Cross. All the principals are pupils of Mr. G. Lansdowne Cottell, as well as the director, Mr. F. W. Hidden, and accompanist, Mr. W. F. Sheppard. The choruses were effectively given."

BRADFORD, YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Herr Wolff's first chamber concert took place on Friday, 21st inst. The receipts, which, judging from the crowded state of the room, would not fall much short of £50, were devoted to the fund for the sick and wounded, and the programme was more of a popular character than usual. Mr. Wolff played with his well-known ability and with great feeling, three parts of Beethoven's pianoforte Sonata in A flat, the grand funeral march of which called involuntarily to mind the sad scenes which are now daily enacted on the battle-field. Why the *scherzo* was left out is a mystery to us, and we cannot sanction a mutilation of Beethoven's works for the sake of shortening a concert to the extent of two minutes and a half, which is the exact time the *scherzo* and *trio*, with all repetitions, occupy. In the second part Mr. Wolff gave Heller's transcription of Mendelssohn's song, "Auf flügeln des gesanges." Mr. de Jongh, the eminent flautist, delighted the audience with two solos; and a lady amateur, who, though very young, possesses a voice of great beauty and flexibility, sang "With verdure clad," and two Scotch songs, which were greatly applauded, besides duets by Mendelssohn and Rubinstein, in company with Mrs. Wolff. A select chorus of about twenty ladies and gentlemen amateurs sang a few of Mendelssohn's part-songs very nicely, and Robert Schumann's short but spirited composition, "Gipsy life." Altogether the concert gave general satisfaction, and must be considered a success.

HER MAJESTY the Queen has accepted the dedication of Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*, recently produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival, with such brilliant success.

VIENNA.—The prospectus of the Philharmonic Concerts promises a treat for the lovers of good music. In addition to works by Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, the programmes will include modern productions by Rubinstein, Gade, Brahms, Volkmann, Raff, Bargell, Rudorff, Gernsheim, and Goldmark. Among the artists will be Mdle. Sophie Menter, Herren Epstein, Brahms, Gernsheim, Wieniawski, and August Wilhelmj. Herr Hellmesberger will conduct the Gesellschafts concerts this season. The programmes of the four "ordinary" concerts will be as follows:—1. *Israel in Egypt*, Handel; 2. Overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; 13th Psalm, Liszt; and *Die Ruinen von Athen*, Beethoven; 3. *Deutsches Requiem*, Brahms; and *Walpurgisnacht*, Mendelssohn; and 4. Symphony, Haydn; Pianoforte Concerto, Mozart; and "Magnificat," J. S. Bach. At the two "extraordinary" concerts, the compositions will be, at the first:—Schumann's ballad, "Vom Pagen und der Königstochter;" "Stabat Mater," Liszt; and "Mephistowalzer," Liszt; and, at the second, the *Matthäus Passion*, J. S. Bach.

NEW MUSIC.

Rondo, à la Turque, pour le Piano. Par FREDERICK H. COWEN. [London: Boosey & Co.]

WRITTEN in the conventional manner known as *à la Turque*, this Rondo is only novel as far as *à la Turque* can make it. It is lively and piquant.

Variations for the Pianoforte, on the old English Air, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Composed by WESTLEY RICHARDS. [London: Lamborn Cock & Co.]

AN introduction, with arpeggios of course; the air; Variation 1st, *Allegretto con moto*, hardly a variation so much as the air ornately harmonized; Variation 2nd, *L'istesso tempo*, a genuine variation in semi-quaver triplets, 6-8; Variation 3rd, a form of Variation 1st, in the tonic minor; Variation 4th, *Brillante*, scales and arpeggios; Variation 5th, *L'istesso tempo*, ditto; Finale, *Tempo di Valse*, lengthy and pretty. A very worthy effort in a legitimate branch of work; *ergo*, a very pleasing and satisfactory piece, worth a cart load of "transcriptions."

The Rose of the Battlefield. Song, Written by J. E. CARPENTER. Music composed by J. L. HATTON. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

INCIDENTS of the war, real and imaginary, are promptly turned to account by the poets whom song composers most affect. Dr. Carpenter here verifies the story of a Prussian jäger who plucked a rose on the battlefield, bore it safely out of the fire, and sent it with a letter to the lady (Queen Augusta) who had done most to help the wounded. A very pretty story nonetheless; and one good enough to be true, but it has not inspired Dr. Carpenter's muse, which discourses at such a level as this:—

"Amid the trophies vast
There gathered from her foes,
None worthier owns she than
The Soldier's Battle Rose."

The music of Mr. Hatton, (who wrote "Althea") is eminently adapted to the average taste.

Movement for the Organ, in the form of a March. By J. HOPKINS, organist of Rochester Cathedral. [London: Chappell & Co.]

AN introduction in D minor, bold, and with independent passages for the pedals, foreshadows the themes of the March proper (in D major). A trio, in A major—solo for swell reeds—forms an agreeable relief, and leads to a resumption of the original subject. By way of coda, the theme of the trio appears with a flowing counterpoint in the pedals. A well-written (on the whole) and effective composition; though betraying a slight tendency here and there towards the overdone.

The Edinburgh Galop. By Mdlle. BROUENAU. [London, Charles Jeffreys.] EASY and suggestive of that which is familiar.

Three Sacred Songs. Music by ALEXANDER ROWLAND. No. 1, "Preserve thou my Soul;" No. 2, "Comfort the Soul of Thy Servant;" No. 3, "O Turn Thee unto me." [London: Chappell & Co.]

THE first of these songs consists of an *adagio* in F minor, followed by an air in the relative major. Without being very original or very striking the latter movement well expresses the idea of the words, and is written with praiseworthy clearness and simplicity. The *adagio* attempts a height of meaning with ordinary and inadequate resources. The second song is also in two movements; the key of both being E major, and the voice written for a contralto. The music is afflicted with restlessness, and incessantly modulates for no apparent reason. Moreover, the composer has indulged in chromatics to an extent that serves only to confuse his harmony. Apart from these things little objection can be made. No. 3, written for soprano or tenor in B flat major, is a much more excellent work than either of its companions. The themes are good in themselves and appropriate to their connection, while the general structure of the music, as well as its details, shows the hand of a musician. We may append a hope that when next Mr. Rowland produces another batch of songs he will take care to secure a greater variety of subject.

Longing. Ballad, by L. J. C. Composed by FREDERICK H. COWEN. [London: Boosey & Co.]

THE words of this ballad are excellent, and so is the music. Mr. Cowen has set his poet's fervent love-verses with studied and appropriate simplicity, while avoiding commonplace. A pleasing melody is set off by an accompaniment not so common in pattern as are too many accompaniments with which we have to make acquaintance. There are evidences, moreover, of careful thought in the work, as for example, where, passing abruptly from the dominant key (D) to that of B flat, the opening theme appears in the middle of each verse as a suggestive interlude, as well as a happy relief from the monotony arising out of the simple ballad form. The voice written for is tenor; but young ladies may use the song if not averse to making passionate "declarations."

Deux Valse Caprices. Par FREDERICK H. COWEN. [London: Boosey & Co.]

IN these pretty trifles the composer has made what many will regard as a welcome contribution to their store of pianoforte music. No. 1 (in E flat major, *Allegro vivace*) is a considerably-developed and well-varied composition; graceful in its themes, and by no means difficult. No. 2 (in D flat major) bears a strong family likeness to its predecessor, though in detail there is considerable difference. Not a few will prefer the latter, and we are not at all inclined to quarrel with the choice. Both Caprices, however, are good examples of their kind.

—o—
WAIFS.

Mr. Maurice Strakosch has gone to Brussels.

Madame Pauline Viardot-Garcia has arrived in London, and will pass the winter among us.

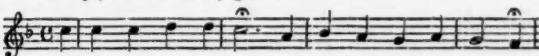
Miss Herbert has been recently suffering from typhoid fever, and will probably be unable to appear on the stage for some time.

Mr. M. W. Whitney, the well known Boston bass, has been engaged to sing with Nilsson in all her oratorio performances in America.

Miss Adelaide Phillippa is forming a concert company for a tour through the West and to California. It will include several prominent operatic artists.

Theodore Thomas, who drove Boston music-mad last season, visits that city again this year. He was to inaugurate a series of ten concerts, at the Music Hall, October 4th.

Mdlles. Celestine, Clara, and Blanche Gottschalk, the latter a soprano, sisters of the late L. M. Gottschalk, have recently returned to America from Europe, and will shortly give a series of concerts.



M. Gounod is residing, with his wife and family, quite privately, at Blackheath. He has, we are informed, been more than once to St. Paul's Cathedral, to hear Bach's Pedal Fugues played by Mr. George Cooper.

Mdlle. Viardot-Marti made her first appearance in New York at the benefit concert for the wounded French, given at the Academy of Music, September 20th. Signor Lefranc distinguished himself very prominently upon this occasion.

There is a probability that New York will be favoured with opera during the coming season. Max Maretzek has generally been the provider in former years, and there is a faint flutter among the operatic song birds which tells of events to come.

Nilsson will give four oratorio performances in Boston with the aid of the Handel and Haydn Society, about the middle of November, and four more in January. The details have not yet been arranged, but *Elijah* and *Judas Maccabæus* will be two of the oratorios.

At the recent concert in Brixton for the "Sick and Wounded Fund," organized by Mr. Watts, Messrs. Cramer & Co.'s local representative, the receipts were £42 5s. All the artists gave their services gratuitously, nevertheless, the expense being considerable, only a balance of £7 8s. 6d. was handed over to the fund.

On Thursday week there was a full choral service at Laverstock Church, on the occasion of opening the new organ. The Lord Bishop of Salisbury preached, and a collection, amounting to 8l. 3s. 10d., was made towards defraying the cost of the organ. In the evening a choice selection of music was performed by the organist, Mr. W. Spinney. There is yet a considerable deficiency in the organ fund.

Boston must be very proud of the delicious contralto it has sent to New York, in the person of Miss Annie Louise Cary. Her success at the Nilsson concerts has been really remarkable, and as enthusiastic as deserved. She possesses much of the power of expression of Adelaide Phillippa, also the happy faculty of establishing sympathy between herself and audience. She makes a brilliant addition to our list of contraltos, and has, at a leap, taken a prominent position.—*Bulletin*.

M. Crémieux, now 74, 50 years ago made his first hit as advocate in defence of four prisoners accused of singing the "Marseillaise." From a book recording the history, M. Crémieux told an eager audience the other day, how, as barrister of 24, he horrified the judge, but charmed the jury, by reading the "seditious song" with all the fire of which he was capable—committing himself, as it were, the very crime with which his client was charged. However, the *ruse* answered. The verdict was acquittal, and M. Crémieux was a made man. The jury could not have been more pleased with the young advocate than the Porte St. Martin audience with the veteran of 74, and M. Crémieux ran some risk of being encored, but was rescued by Mdlle. Agar, who sang the patriotic song in his place.

German Opera has been started at the Stadt Theatre, New York. On the first representation, *Il Trovatore* was performed, Mdle. Louise Lichtmay being the principal artist. The performance was a complete success, and the attendance large and appreciative. Mdle. Lichtmay was assisted by Mdle. Friederici, Herr Bierling, and Herr Formes. The frequent outbursts of applause marked the high appreciation in which the leading singer, Mdle. Lichtmay, was held by the audience.

The funeral of Mr. William Ferdinand Fodor (or Fedor), who was accidentally killed at Eltham, a few days back, took place on Friday, and was attended by a great number of his friends. Mr. Fodor was the son of the once celebrated vocalist, Madame Fodor, and some years back under the name of Signor Fedor sang at the Italian Opera, at Drury Lane, and at the Monday Popular Concerts. He leaves a widow and children to lament his untimely end. He had just been appointed Steward of the Household to the ex-Empress, at Chislehurst.

The public anxiety as to the condition of Strasburg Cathedral has now been set at rest by the reports of competent eye-witnesses, who declare that the magnificent building is comparatively uninjured, but we regret to hear that the fine organ has suffered severely. In a lecture delivered at St. Luke's, Berwick Street, on Tuesday evening, the Rev. Harry Jones, who has just returned from Germany, stated that a shell had fallen on the instrument, doing serious damage, an announcement which will be received with general regret by lovers of organs and organ music.

On Sunday last, a somewhat peculiar circumstance occurred at St. Peter's, Yarmouth. The afternoon congregation had assembled, and the opening voluntary having been performed by the organist, a pause ensued, as no clergyman appeared to commence the service. In obedience to certain signals the organist again performed some sacred music, and then waited in expectation of the minister's appearance. This failing, the organist selected one of the masterpieces of a great composer and having treated the congregation to a musical performance, the people dispersed.

The great event of the musical year in America is likely to be the celebration of the Beethoven Centenary. Six societies, at least, have this in contemplation, and although few have their plans matured, the rumours point to some excellent selections. The West Philadelphia Choral Society, for instance, expect to give Beethoven's Mass in C, the Hallelujah chorus from the *Mount of Olives*; the Beethoven Society will probably have an attractive miscellaneous programme; *Fidelio* is whispered as thought of by another organization; Carl Wolfsohn gives his first concert with a Beethoven programme; so that although it is impossible to say precisely what each contemplates, it is clear that we shall not ignore the anniversary.

Miss Caroline Richings, veteran or English opera managers in America, has gotten together a very strong troupe for the coming season, and will present opera in faultless style. Among the members of the company are Messrs. Castle, Campbell, Bowler, Lawrence, Mrs. Bowler, pretty Mrs. Seguin, and dainty Rose Hersee. Their first appearance in New York was made at Niblo's Garden, Oct. 2nd. English opera is a plant that must be of hardy growth, for surely, save in the case of Mdme. Parepa Rosa, it has had but poor soil to grow upon in the way of public support. Miss Richings, however, has adhered closely to its fortunes, and with the excellent company she now has about her, and an extensive repertoire, there is hardly any doubt that her season will prove successful.

"THE CRITIC OF THE 'HERALD' AFFLICTED WITH OPHTHALMIA."—The following romance appeared in *Watson's Art Journal* (U. S.):—

"Several years ago the *New York Herald* employed a critic who was deaf, believing that as he had to judge of music, musicians, and singers, this infirmity would insure impartiality. Its present critic, Mr. Myron H. Cooney, we regret to say is blind, for he could not see Henry C. Watson nor Wm. K. Baasford among the pall-bearers at Gottschalk's funeral. The close air of Irving Place, and the dazzling brilliancy of the palatial chambers of the Lotus Club are unfavourable to the free and unpurchased use of the organs supposed to be brought into use by criticism. Some members of the 'ring' cannot see, others cannot hear, and others cannot speak, unless substantial reasons are given. It is a pity that the late deaf critic and present blind critic of the *Herald* could not work together. Imagine the concentration of thought, the terseness of expression, and one-sidedness of judgment which would gush from one pair of ears and one pair of eyes between two individuals!"

While Germany has been unhappily prevented from fulfilling its intention of celebrating the Beethoven centenary the musicians in the United States appear to be doing their best to honour the illustrious composer, and to give the people a fair idea of the magnificence of his works. Thus at New Haven a Festival is being organized at which there will be a band of about fifty performers from New York and a choir of seventy-five picked voices from the local societies. The scheme seems to be wisely arranged. On the first day, at the *matinée*, the principal works will be a symphony by Beethoven, probably one of

the larger ones, and a concerto for piano and orchestra. First day, concert, 9th Symphony with the great chorus at the close, will be given complete, with another piano concerto and shorter selections. On the second day, at the *matinée*, the celebrated mass in C will be given as the principal feature; and at the concert of the second or last day, the opera *Fidelio* will be produced with all the dramatic effects.—*Choir*.

An American paper thus describes a "fashionable choir":—

"The choir-loft ten feet behind and ten feet above the worshippers; then the fourteen sorts of tune-books; then the balustrade to hide the praisers; then the praisers themselves, who come tripping to their places with exuberant satisfaction and demonstrative delight; then their salutations and greetings, which in any other part of the church would be considered intolerably irreverent (therefore the choir-loft is not recognized as a part of the church, or the inhabitants a part of the worshippers); then the titter, a disease which is as incurable in choirs as it is as inseparable from them; then solemn singing with a background of merry smiles, hilarious nodding and characteristic (not to say choristeristic) winks; then a grand reconnoitering of tune-books, accompanied by appropriate whispers, during the prayer or reading of the Holy Bible; then a literary entertainment, or an exchange of pencilled notes on all the great questions that interest the human mind—excepting religion; then the transformation of the choir-loft into a sleeping-car, of which the chorister is the conductor, who wakes up his passengers when it is time to go to praising again."

THE ALEXANDRA PARK.—A meeting has been held at Wood Green to hear from Mr. Francis Fuller an explanation of his plan for opening this institution in the ensuing spring. Mr. Fuller said that his arrangements for securing the Palace and 400 acres of park were nearly complete. He proposed to raise 650,000*l.* by way of *tontine*, in shares of 20*s.* each. Instead of bearing dividend, these shares would entitle the holders to privileges of free admission in proportion to the amount taken, and also to tickets in three great art union distributions, with prizes of from 2*l.* to 500*l.* The shareholders gaining these prizes would lose all interest in the *tontine*, but the unsuccessful would, if living in ten years' time, be entitled to share between them the whole of the property—then worth a million and a half sterling—power being, however, reserved to the government of that period to take the whole at the price of one million. The *tontine* would, therefore, form a valuable endowment for subscribers, and more especially for their children. A committee was appointed to obtain the signatures of subscribers for shares, and 1,325*l.* was subscribed for in the room.

In its notice of Saturday's Concert at the Crystal Palace, the *Era* says:—

"Mdle. Corani, has a voice of remarkable compass, volume, and power, and the choice of her songs proved her to have at command unusual executive ability also. The very difficult and elaborate Sleep Song, from Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, is a *scena* that would tax the powers of the most finished artist, and we can compliment Mdle. Corani upon having achieved a very decided success in music which many singers of her class would hardly dare to attempt. If her reception at first was somewhat cold, it must be remembered that the Crystal Palace audiences on Saturday are largely composed of ladies who are not given to expressing their admiration with quite so much vigour as the opposite sex. In her second song, the pretty *bolero* from Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*, Mdle. Corani had a very hearty welcome, and was recalled with enthusiasm. There is little doubt that, with her magnificent voice, commanding person, and brilliant powers of execution, Mdle. Corani will be an acquisition in the musical world. We are not familiar with Mdle. Corani's dramatic acquirements, but we should imagine that upon the stage she would be even more successful than in the concert room."

ERRATUM.

In the article, "Mendelssohn," by Dr. Ferdinand Rahles, which appeared in our last impression, the name of Heinke was by mistake printed "Feinke."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

AUGENER & Co.—"We are Seven; and an inquiry into the Power of Musical Expression belonging to each note of the Diatonic scale," by A. Dawson.
BOOSEY & Co.—"Mandel's System of Music," part 4.
LAMBERT COCK & Co.—"The withered primrose," song, by Florence Marshall.
NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"The Organist's Quarterly Journal," part 2, edited by William Spark, Mus. Doc.

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